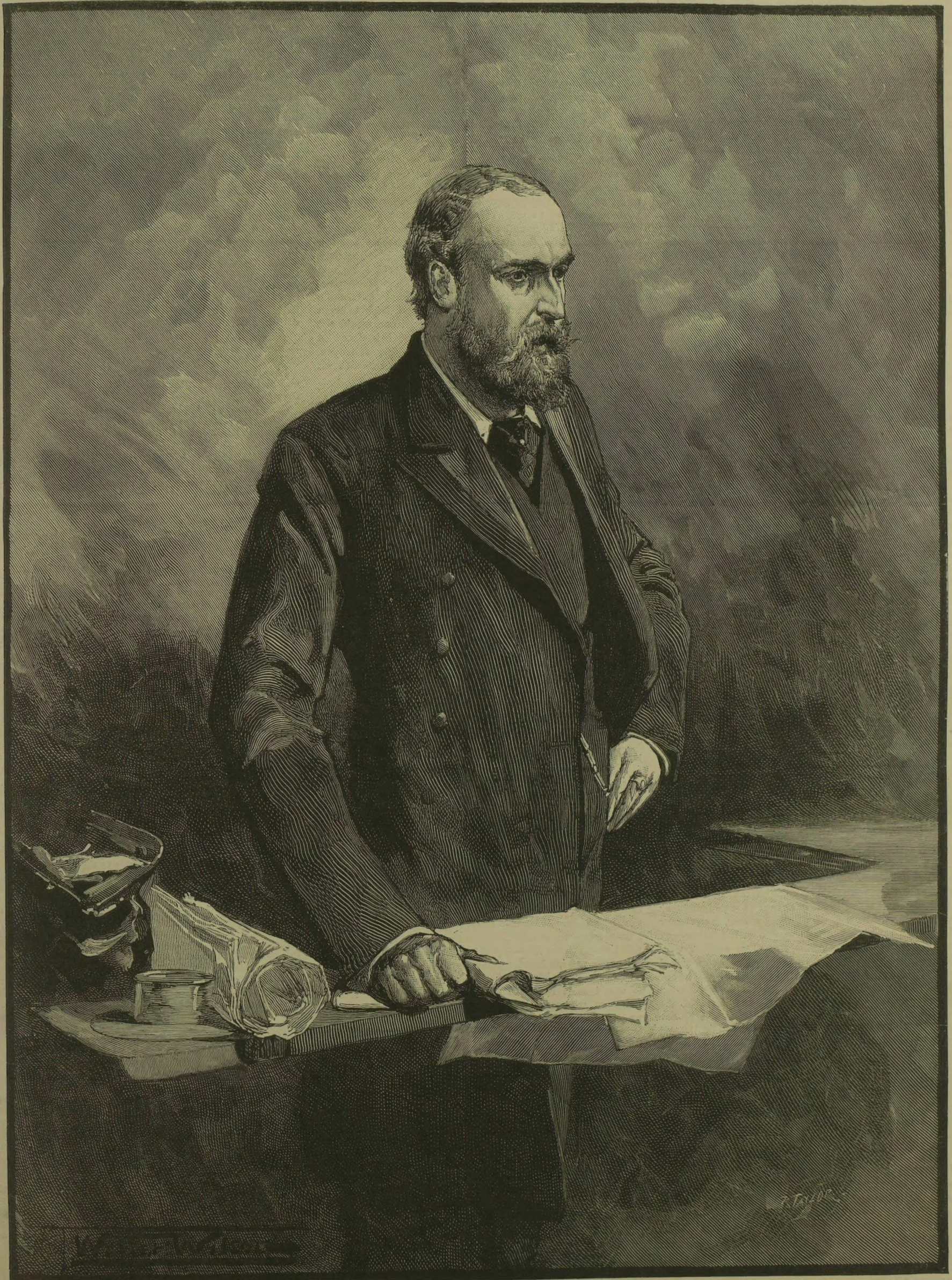


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

No. 2612.—VOL. XCIV.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.  
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } By Post, 6½d.



"I can say that I have honestly endeavoured to conduct the movement of the Land and also of the National League within the limits of the laws and to keep them free from crime."

RE-OPENING OF THE SPECIAL COMMISSION: MR. PARNELL IN THE WITNESS-BOX.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I do not know what amount of truth there may be in the story of the fortunate Queen's Counsel who is said to have recently retired upon something much better than "the savings of a lifetime"—namely, on a fortune left to him, while he has still the health to enjoy it, by a grateful client; but it certainly is not without at least one parallel in real life, so far as the method by which the fortune in question was originally obtained. Some years ago I was staying at an hotel in a pretty village, where, in the absence of more congenial companionship, I became Damon to my landlord's Pythias. It was not easy: for though we were not "two of a trade," he had a certain turn for literature, which consisted in indulging in the most vehement tirades against one of its most eminent professors and my own particular friend. This writer had once remarked in one of his works that the village was dull, which to my Boniface was an unforgivable outrage; however, harmonious relations were at last established between us, and to prevent my feeling the village dull he narrated the history of its inhabitants in such detail as gave me the same view of him as the wedding guest had of the Ancient Mariner.

One story, however, stood apart, and struck me as interesting. We were leaning over the churchyard-wall together one day, when he pointed out to me an old gentleman in clerical attire strewing flowers upon a highly ornamented grave. His appearance had by no means the romance of his occupation, and he had a way of stepping back after the arrangement of each floral offering and examining its effect from a distance, which reminded me, to my shame, of a much more ordinary and quite unsentimental occupation. "Now, what calling should you think as that gentleman was," whispered the innkeeper, "as is throwing them beautiful flowers upon that marble tomb?" "Well," said I, "I should say he was a Butler." "You've been told!" he answered with smothered indignation. "No, I've not; but he does it like laying the cloth." "A very good guess—a much better guess than your friend as called us 'dull' would ever have made," gasped the innkeeper: "come away, and I'll tell you the story."

It turned out that this most respectable mourner had, as a middle-aged man, entered the domestic service of two spinster ladies in the village. They were persons of property, and could choose most things for themselves; but though they both fell in love with him, they couldn't both choose him for their husband. Instead of pulling caps or cutting throats for him, they settled the matter in some amicable way (perhaps by tossing), and the younger lady (who herself was not a chicken) gained the prize. The three got on together afterwards beyond expectation, the butler bearing the honours to which he was not born with modesty, and winning golden opinions instead (as before) of tips. When his sister-in-law died, she left him all her money, to remove, perhaps, from his delicate mind the sense of pecuniary inequality between himself and his consort, and when she died (as had recently happened) she did the same, leaving the widower master of all. It was the completest example of everything coming "to him who waits" that has yet been recorded. To whom the butler will leave his property, I know not; but as he had met with no legal hindrance in getting possession of it, he owes nothing to the lawyers.

As to gratitude, I am afraid the gentlemen of the long robe have not many instances of it to record on the part of their clients; whereas of ingratitude everyone remembers that shocking example of the lady who promised £30,000 to a great advocate if only he could establish her claim to a certain estate, and when he had done so shielded herself from all obligation on the ground that the contract was illegal. The solicitor's experience of fortunate clients, or rather of clients who have been so fortunate as to secure his services, is, I am told, in the moment of victory a generous enthusiasm—"Nothing, my dear Sir, can ever repay," &c.; a little later on a disinclination to pay the bill ensues; and, eventually, there is an appeal to the taxing-master.

In February last there was an allusion in "Our Note Book" to the probably "undesigned coincidence" in the manner of the deaths of Colonel Newcome and of Cooper's Trapper; the one expiring with the word "Adsum" on his lips, and the other with that of "Here!" as if in answer to some imaginary roll-call. A kindly correspondent from a very far country indeed, who has apparently mixed much with his fellow-men and taken note of them, suggests that both authors were merely drawing from their own experience, since actual incidents of the sort are by no means infrequent. "I have," he writes, "personally known several, and in one instance the facts were precisely similar to those at the death of the Trapper. I was cruising in H.M.S. — when one of our young Middies, who had been ailing for some time, dropped dying on the deck. He was carried below and laid in a cot, and while his comrades and the doctors were watching by his side he suddenly raised himself up, and in a loud voice, as if answering a call, exclaimed 'Here!' and then fell back dead. A lady I well knew, as her spirit passed away, called out, as was her wont in answer to her name, 'Yes'; and I have known others utter an exclamation as if in reply to some call or summons."

If I should once begin to say in how much these "Notes" are indebted to friendly, though unknown, correspondents, such as the above I should never have done; their help, indeed, is of necessity spiritual rather than practical, for most of them live so far away that before I can hear from them the subject on which they write is beyond revival; but their communications are often, nevertheless, most interesting and their sympathy invaluable. One of them, referring to something written a while ago on "Bulls," sends me from the Cape—where all the Irish fun perhaps has gone to—the

present of a whole herd of them. A member of the Legislature, addressing the House upon the Frontier Question, thus expressed himself:—"Such, Mr. Speaker, was the state of insecurity upon the Eastern Frontier, that I and other settlers have often (!) gone to our daily avocations leaving our peaceful homesteads, our happy wives, our smiling children, to return in the evening to find our houses burnt over our heads, our wives widows, and our children fatherless."

Some people think it "unlucky" to walk under a ladder; but, for my part, I have only thought it unsafe. It has also struck me that persons upon the ladder, when the foot of it is not fixed, are liable to come to even greater grief. Once, indeed, I ventured to point out to a well-known philosopher that there were not many more serious risks to life and limb than are run every hour of the day by the workmen up in the air outside our houses; in old times a man used to stand at the foot of the ladder to keep it from slipping, but now it often rests on the pavement, at the mercy of the least shock or jar. To this he replied benignly that the science of the economy of labour had of late made great strides, and that the Individual must take his chance, and be his own insurer. I did not understand these enigmatical utterances (I never do); but I noticed that whenever there was a ladder the Individual (if my philosophic friend will permit me to call him so) always crossed to the other side of the street.

At last, however, in spite of his superior wisdom, my simple fears have been realised. Two men were on a ladder at Brighton the other day, its unprotected end projecting into the road; a passing carriage struck it, and down it came, with its tenants, and (so to speak) its lodgers—some people who chanced to be passing under it. "The Individual" has stood for various things (in metaphysical controversy), but never before for "two men, a lady, and a child." If only the carriage could have been included, the catastrophe would have been complete, and one is almost sorry it wasn't; for where carriage people are concerned more attention is paid to the nature of a calamity. If it was a mere question of an Irish hodman coming down sixty feet or so in a second, one would not mention such a vulgar subject as ladders; but it is clear that they make no distinction of persons in those they fall upon, and it is therefore desirable that they should be secured from falling.

The last words of eminent persons, and even of persons who are not eminent, have always an attraction. Should they say no more than "Light the candles" (when, alas! it is broad day) there is a marvellous interest attaching to the last utterance of our fellow-creatures before they slide into that gulf of death which will presently swallow us up also. In most cases the remark is of the most commonplace and conventional kind, but we strive to give it a hidden meaning, worthy, as we suppose, of the occasion; but now and then the words are significant enough. They are never more so than when the individual in question is about to die by his own act, and he puts down in black and white the causes that have led him to leave the world. His reasons may be worthless, *bizarre*, contemptible; but no one who has any feeling can regard them without emotion. The divines may tell us that his impatience of the ills of life is a monstrous crime; the cynic may mutter "Tis only a ginger-beer bottle burst"; but the step is so serious and irrevocable that it commands not indeed our sympathies, but our rapt attention. What gives this last document a rare value is that it is almost always genuine; in that supreme moment it seldom seems worth while for the autobiographer to anything extenuate, or to "set down aught in malice." It is no time for false delicacy, or for falsehood of any kind.

A very curious example of this final farewell has been lately afforded by a "young person" who, being crossed in love, swallowed paraffin, and one which (but for an accident) would perhaps have stood at the head of this class of literature. For, though sentimental in a sense, it has a natural and commonplace air about it, beyond all expectation, and shows that what is passing in the mind of the suicide is sometimes exceedingly like what passes in the mind of persons who, though equally "put out," have not the least intention of shuffling off their mortal coil. "What I have done," she says (for she speaks of her death as a *fait accompli*), "is all through Jock. It made me mad to think that he went out with Liddie. But, Liddie, don't think that I have done it because I was frightened of you. I would have given you a good hiding, but that I felt too miserable. I will haunt you for life—if people can. But, Jock, I love you. Whenever you are keeping company with a girl, think of me." This last exhortation is a little severe, since, if laid to heart, it would seem likely to interfere with the poor fellow's tenderest moments; but, to his wronged one, it seemed no time for mincing matters. She intended to "let him have it," and Liddie also. Since she was not in the flesh to "hide" her, she would be in the spirit to "haunt" her. I know of no novelist, living or dead, who would have dared to put into the mouth of a young person, on the brink of the Unseen, such natural and lifelike sentiments. It would be no joking matter from any point of view but for the accident above referred to, the circumstance that the dose of paraffin proved either insufficient or too much for her. The would-be suicide remains in the world after all; her MS., though perfectly genuine, is thereby deprived in consequence of half its value. For Liddie, too, I fear it will be awkward, the phrase, "in hiding," will have a double meaning for her when her resuscitated rival comes out of jail.

The forty-sixth anniversary of the Church of England Sunday-School Institute was celebrated on May 6 and two following days. The annual meeting was held at Exeter Hall on the second day, under the presidency of the Bishop of Manchester; and there was a conference on the third day, at Sion College, when the Bishop of Sodor and Man occupied the chair.

## THE COURT.

The Queen came to London on the morning of May 2 for the purpose of visiting the Duke of Edinburgh at Clarence House, who is steadily recovering. Her Majesty remained three-quarters of an hour with the Duke and Duchess. On returning to Buckingham Palace, the Queen was visited by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), who remained to luncheon. In the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove out, attended by the Dowager Lady Waterpark. The Duchess of Albany arrived at Buckingham Palace. The Queen received Lady Geraldine Somerset at the palace, and conferred upon her the decoration of the Fourth Class of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, as a mark of appreciation of her long and devoted services to her Majesty's dear aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge. The Princess of Wales visited the Queen. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck dined with the Queen. Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived at Buckingham Palace.

Her Majesty took an airing on the morning of the 3rd in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, which are now in their spring beauty; and subsequently opened her second Drawing-room, of which an account is given on another page. Afterwards the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany and Princess Louise of Wales, drove in Hyde Park, where she was enthusiastically received by the brilliant and numerous company. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George and Princess Victoria of Wales dined with the Queen and the members of the Royal family staying at the palace.

Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to Clarence House on the morning of the 4th, and visited the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of her Majesty. Accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the children of her Royal Highness the Queen left Buckingham Palace in the afternoon, and arrived at Windsor Castle a little before six o'clock.

The Queen, with the Royal family and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle on Sunday morning, the 5th. The Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated, and Mr. Shore preached the sermon.

On the 6th Sir Archibald and the Hon. Lady Campbell of Blythswood and Professor Vambéry had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family.

Prince Alfred and the Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra of Edinburgh visited her Majesty on the 7th, and remained to luncheon.

An investiture of orders of knighthood which the Queen was to have held on the 8th has been deferred until later in the season.

The Queen will hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on the 14th; and the Princess of Wales will hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on the 29th.

Her Majesty's State Ball will take place at Buckingham Palace on the 22nd, and a State concert on the 31st.

According to the present arrangements, the Queen and Court will leave Windsor for the usual spring sojourn at Balmoral on the 16th or 17th.

The Queen's visit to North Wales has been fixed for Aug. 22. Her Majesty will spend a few days at Pale and the Vale of Llangollen. The visit will be of a private character.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on May 2 from Sandringham, for the purpose of being present at the Drawingroom the next day. Her Royal Highness, with Prince George and the Princesses, in the evening called upon the Duke of Edinburgh, and remained some time at Clarence House. The Prince of Wales came to town, from Newmarket, on the 3rd.

The Comte and Comtesse de Paris, the Duc d'Orléans, and Princess Hélène visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on the 4th, and remained to luncheon. The Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, likewise visited their Royal Highnesses. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, dined with Sir Frederick Leighton, the President, and the Council of the Royal Academy of Arts at Burlington House in the evening.

On Sunday, the 5th, the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. Their Royal Highnesses, with their three daughters, called at Clarence House to see the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Prince presided at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute at Marlborough House on the 6th. Their Royal Highnesses received Viscount d'Arinos, the newly-appointed Brazilian Minister to the Court of St. James. Lady Smith (the wife of Sir Edwin T. Smith, K.C.M.G., late Mayor of Adelaide) attended at Marlborough House in the afternoon, and, on behalf of the ladies of South Australia, presented to the Princess for her Silver Wedding a large silver casket composed of South Australian gold and silver, and ornamented with South Australian stones, together with a necklet and two bracelets. The Prince was present. The Prince and Princess and suite visited the Haymarket Theatre in the evening to witness the performance of "Wealth."

On the 7th the Prince held a Levée at St. James's Palace. Afterwards the Princess, accompanied by the Prince and Princesses Victoria and Maud, laid the foundation-stone of the new Hospital for Women, Euston-road, opposite St. Pancras' Church. Her Royal Highness received purses from subscribers. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by their three daughters, honoured the performance of "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the Opera Comique Theatre with their presence.

It is announced in the Welsh newspapers that the Prince will not visit the Principality in September for the purpose of opening the National Eisteddfod at Brecon, as was intended.

Prince Albert Victor has left Marlborough House to rejoin his regiment at York, and Prince George has left for Portsmouth to pursue a course of torpedo practice on board her Majesty's ship Vernon.

The Duke of Edinburgh has sufficiently recovered to take walking exercise. The Duchess and Prince Alfred visited the Lyceum Theatre on the 6th to witness the performance of "Macbeth"; and on the 7th the Duchess, accompanied by Prince Alfred and Princesses Mary, Victoria, and Alexandra, honoured the performance of "Claudian" at the Princess's Theatre with her presence.

Prince and Princess Christian and their two daughters, who have been on the Continent for several months, arrived at Windsor on the 7th, and drove to Cumberland Lodge. The Princess has much benefited in health by the change.



## THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

On Tuesday, April 30, the seventy-first day of sitting, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Archibald L. Smith, proceeding with this judicial investigation, Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., was examined, as a witness on his own behalf, by one of his counsel, Mr. Asquith. He gave an account of the formation of his Parliamentary party in 1877, the establishment of the Irish Land League in 1879, his visit to America with Mr. John Dillon, the development of the Land League agitation, previously to his arrest in October, 1881, and the creation of the National League a twelvemonth afterwards. At the close of his examination-in-chief, on Wednesday, Mr. Parnell made this declaration: "I can say I have honestly endeavoured to conduct the movement within the limits of the Constitution, and to keep it free from crime"; making only the exception that he admitted having incited tenants to refuse to pay their rent; and he had also recommended boycotting, but not intimidation. He was cross-examined by the Attorney-General, with extreme minuteness, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, especially with reference to his knowledge of the Irish-American conspiracy, the "Clan-na-Gael," Fenianism, the "Irish Republican Brotherhood," the "Invincibles," and the dynamiters; and the articles published by Patrick Ford in the *Irish World*. He denied knowing, at the time, anything that was done by the secret societies, and had not read the articles which favoured the perpetration of crimes and outrages. With regard to the large sums of money collected by the *Irish World* for the use of the Land League and National League, it appeared that the financial accounts of the League were for some time in a state of confusion; and Mr. Parnell could throw no light upon those matters of detail, as he never attended to the business of the office.

The Court of Common Council have elected Mr. James Anstey Wild, solicitor, to be Registrar of the City of London Court, at a salary of £1000 per annum.

In the Queen's Bench Division on May 3, Mr. Haden Corser, of the Oxford circuit, was sworn in before Mr. Justice Field and Mr. Justice Cave as Metropolitan Police Magistrate, in succession to Mr. Barstow.

In succession to the late Duke of Buckingham the Queen has approved the appointment of Lord Rothschild to be Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Buckingham.

On May 2 the Lord Mayor entertained at tea at the Mansion House nearly 600 members of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England meeting in London. He said he was informed that no gathering of Presbyterians had taken place within those walls for at least 250 years.

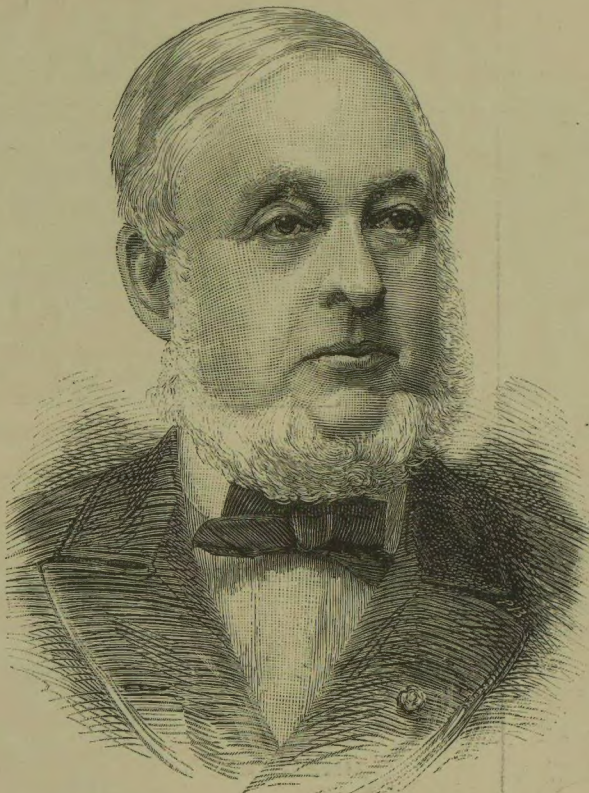
It appears from a Parliamentary return that the total rates levied in the metropolis during the year ending March 25, 1888, amounted to £7,562,310, on a total rateable value of £30,821,500. The average rate in the pound was therefore nearly 4s. 11d.

Clwydfardd, the Arch-Druid of Wales, has been presented with a purse containing 100 guineas, together with an address congratulating him upon the attainment of his ninetieth birthday. His present occupation is a new translation of the Psalms into Welsh.

The Earl of Airlie has announced to his tenants on the Airlie and Cortachy estates in Forfarshire that the rents on all farms whose leases have run seven years and upwards will at once be reduced 10 per cent. Some time ago he gave a reduction of 10 per cent.

## THE LATE MR. WARREN DE LA RUE, F.R.S.

This gentleman was more widely known for his scientific attainments than as head of the firm of Messrs. Thomas De la Rue and Co., from which he retired in 1880. The principal scientific work in which he distinguished himself was the application of photography to the recording of celestial phenomena. The photographs, when measured by a micrometer, which he invented, furnished exact astronomical data. In 1860 he went to Spain with the Himalaya Expedition, and was successful in obtaining a series of



THE LATE MR. WARREN DE LA RUE, F.R.S., D.C.L.

photographs of the total eclipse of the sun on July 18. The results formed the subject of the Bakerian lecture delivered to the Royal Society in April, 1862. He also took an active part in making the preparations for the photographic observation of the transit of Venus in 1874. He established a private observatory at Cranford, Middlesex; but it was dismantled in 1873, and the instruments presented to the University of Oxford, where they have been employed by Professor Pritchard in determining, by means of photography, the distance of sixty-one Cygni and other fixed stars. In 1874 he fitted up a private physical laboratory, where, employing a battery of 15,000 chloride of silver cells, in conjunction with his friend, Dr. Hugo Müller, he carried on an elaborate series of researches on the electrical discharge. Nearly all the results of Dr. De la Rue's scientific work have been embodied in

papers and memoirs, which will be found in the "Transactions" of the Royal Society, the Astronomical, Chemical, and other learned societies, and the Académie des Sciences at Paris. He acted as juror and reporter in the Department of Class XXIX. in the Great Exhibition of 1851; was a juror in Class X. of the Paris Exhibition of 1855; and presided over Section B, Class XXVIII., of the Exhibition of 1862. He was a member of the International Electrical Congress in Paris, and of the jury of the Electrical Exhibition held there in 1881; also of the Consulting Council of the Electrical Exhibition held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in 1882. He was for some time honorary secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, of which he was also president from 1864 to 1866; president of the Chemical Society from 1867 to 1869; and again in 1879-88, and till his death one of its vice-presidents. He was for many years president of the London Institution, and became secretary of the Royal Institution in 1878, on the retirement of Mr. Spottiswoode. Mr. De la Rue received many honorary distinctions from the foreign learned societies, and from foreign Governments, as well as from the English Universities. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. Albert, of Munich.

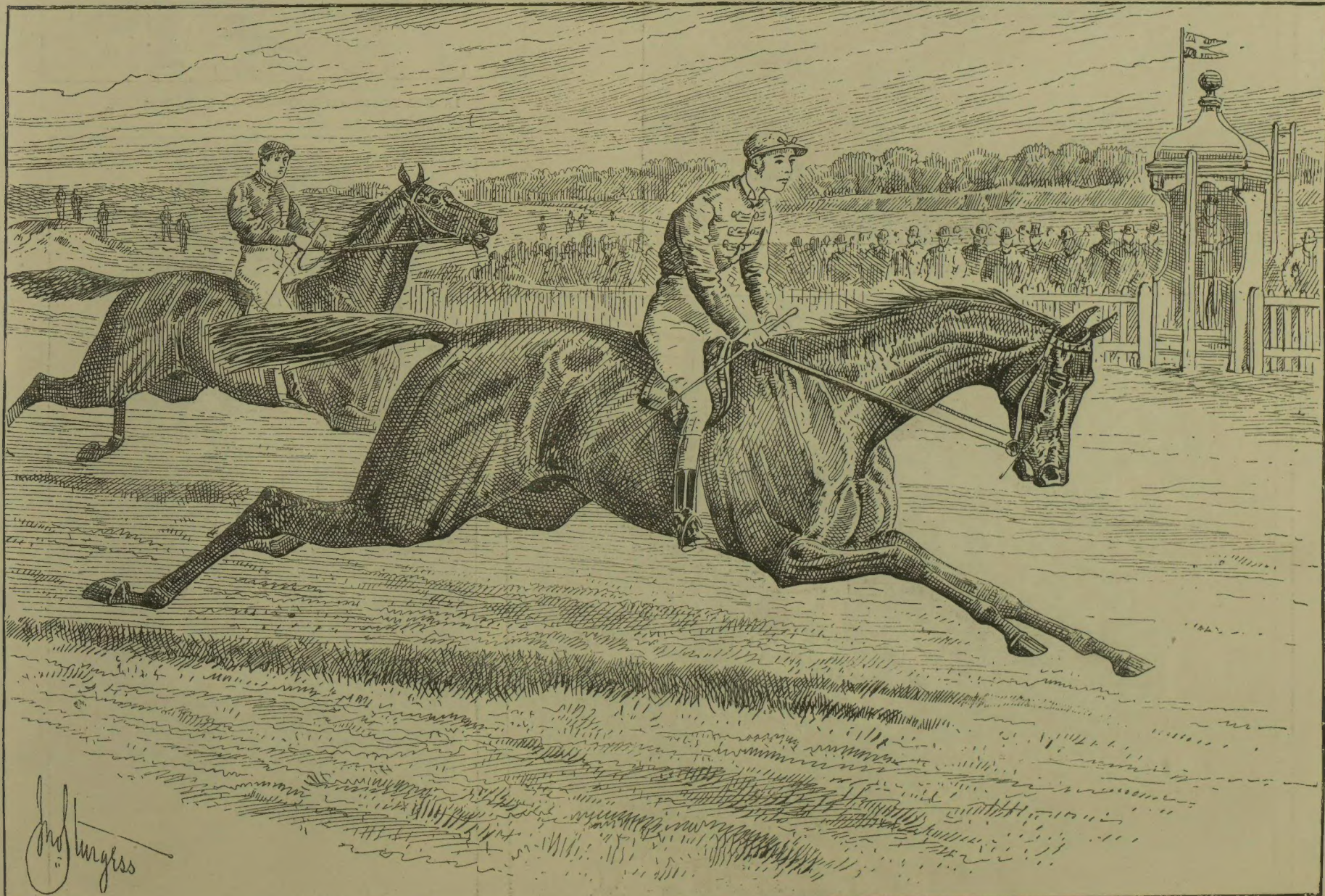
## THE WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

At the Newmarket first spring race-meeting, on Wednesday, May 1, the Two Thousand Guineas were won by Mr. Douglas Baird's three-year-old colt Enthusiast, ridden by T. Cannon, finishing a head in advance of the favourite, which was the Duke of Portland's Donovan, ridden by F. Barrett; while Mr. Abington's Pioneer came in third. Enthusiast, whose parents are Sterling and Cherry Duchess, and who is brother to Energy, had been twice beaten as a two-year old, with allowance of weight, by Donovan, and was far behind Donovan and Pioneer in the race at Leicester, on April 6, so that his success in the Two Thousand was unexpected. He is engaged for the Newmarket Stakes, and also for the Derby.

At a meeting of the Buckingham Town Council, on May 6, Lord Haddington was appointed Lord High Steward of the borough to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

Among the pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition, represented in two pages of our Engravings this week, is Mr. Dendy Sadler's humorous dinner-party scene, "Over the Nuts and Wine." We should mention, in justice to copyright, that Mr. Lefevre intends to publish an etching of this picture.

The fifty-seventh annual meeting of the Congregational Union was opened at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, on May 6, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Falding. As the result of the ballot, the Rev. Thomas Green, of Ashton-under-Lyne, was elected chairman. Subsequently Dr. Hannay was re-elected secretary, and Mr. W. Holborn treasurer of the Union. A long report from the committee on the work of the year was submitted by Dr. Hannay. Dr. Falding gave his presidential address on the 7th. He combated the view that missionary work had failed, maintaining that those who spoke of the failure of missions must deny the success of Christianity itself. Their own country, however, must be their prime concern, and he proceeded to discuss the duty of the Church at home. Subsequently it was decided by resolution to take steps for ascertaining the feeling of Congregationalists in regard to the holding of a General Council in London of Congregation Churches situated in all parts of the world.



ENTHUSIAST, THE WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS AT NEWMARKET.





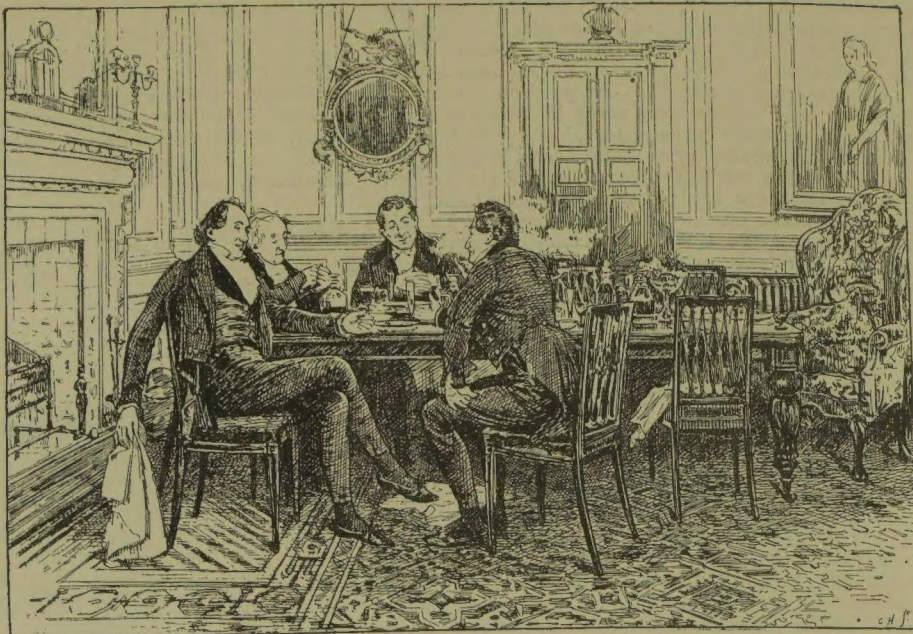
THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE TO THE EARTH.—A. HACKER.



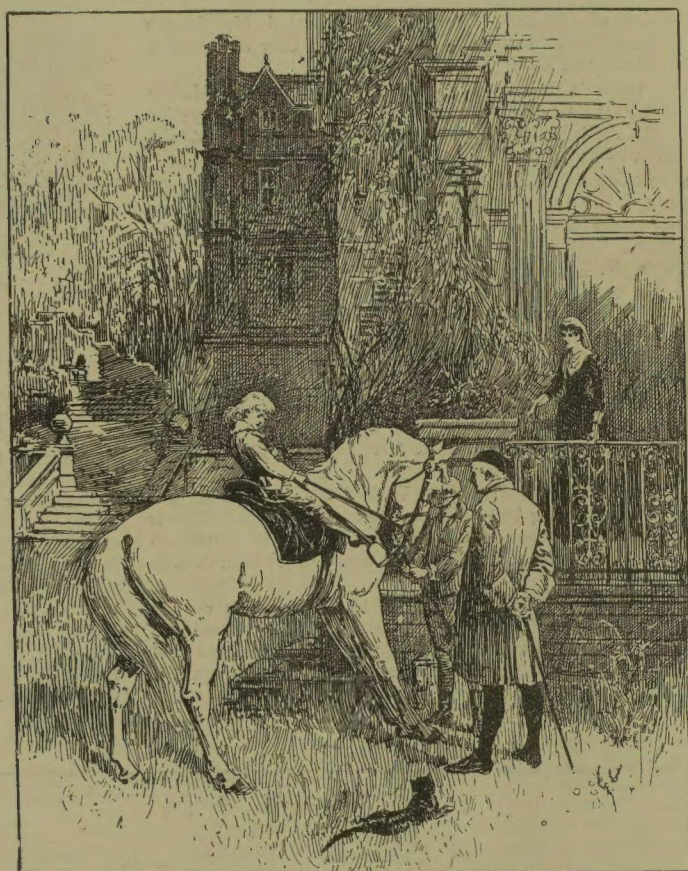
ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.—HERBERT SCHMALZ.



"HUSH! LET HIM SLEEP."—THOMAS FAED, R.A.



OVER THE NUTS AND WINE.—W. DENDY SADLER.



IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.—S. E. WALLER.

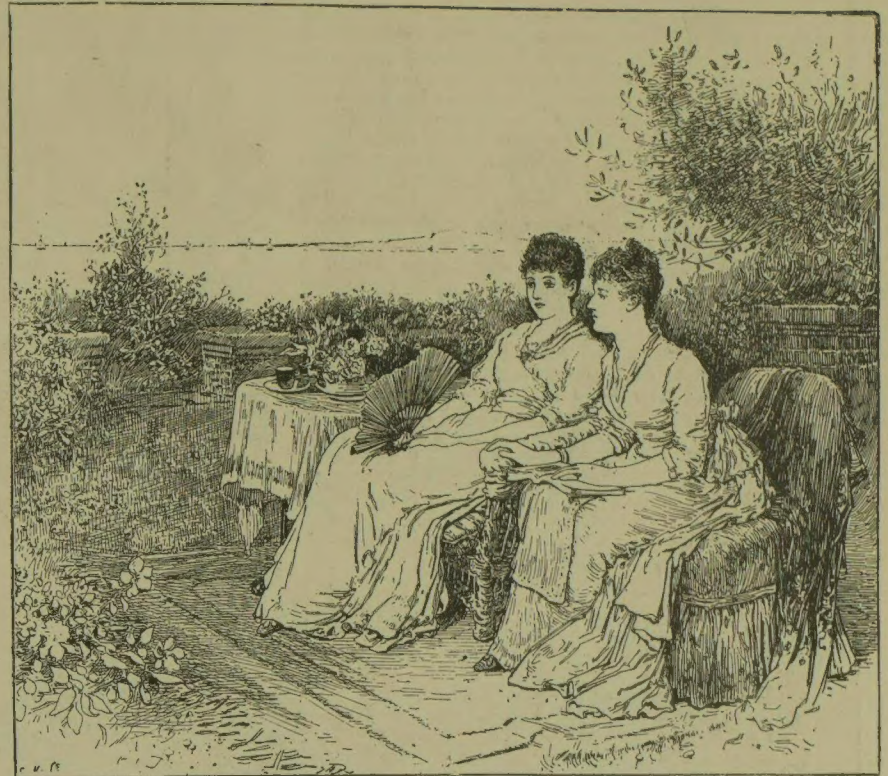


DOROTHY, DAUGHTER OF J. M. DREW, ESQ.—W. M. LOUDAN.





THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER.—MARCUS STONE, R.A.



THE SISTERS.—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



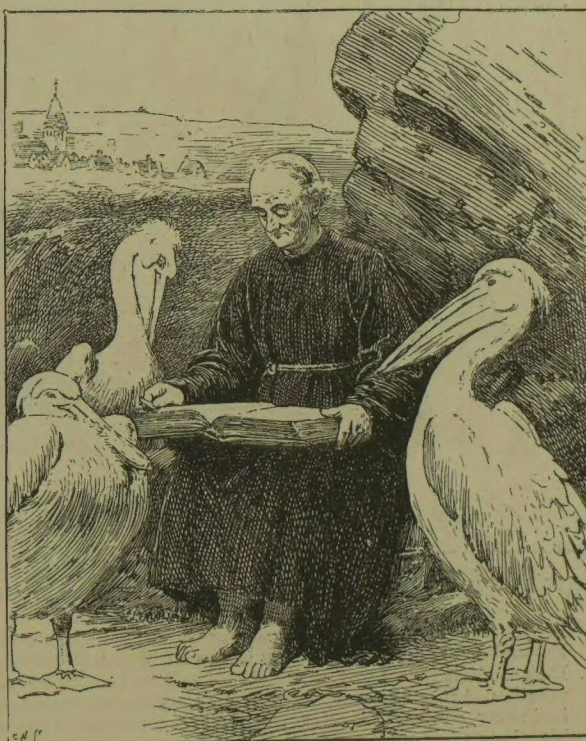
"EGO ET REX MEUS."—SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.



SUN AND MOON FLOWERS.—G. D. LESLIE, R.A.



THE DEDICATION OF SAMUEL.—F. W. W. TOPHAM.

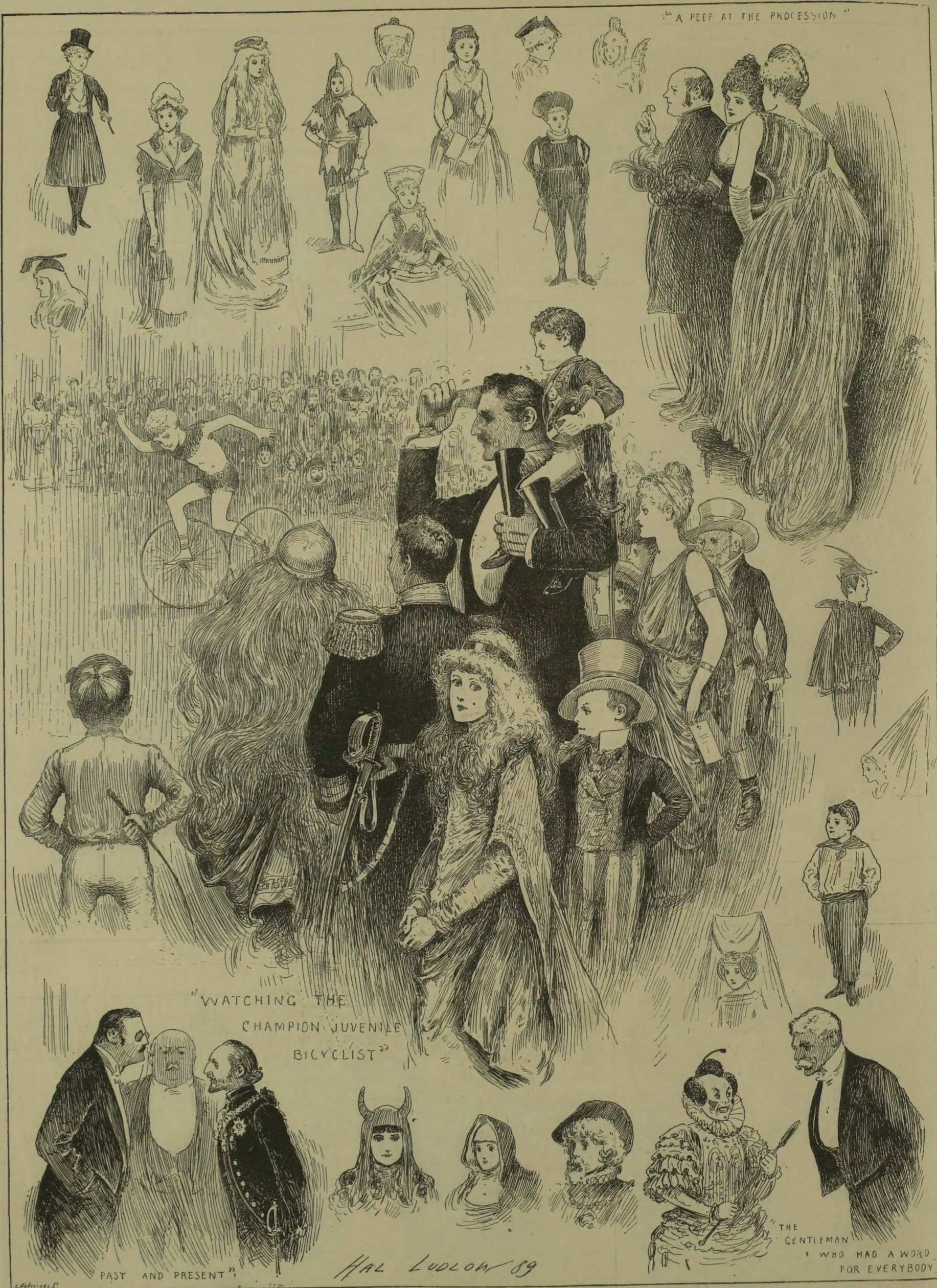


THE HERMIT AND THE PELICANS.—H. S. MARKS, R.A.



BABY'S OPERA.—W. F. YEAMES, R.A.





JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

On Wednesday evening, May 1, the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Whitehead) gave a juvenile fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House. The festivity had been originally fixed for the Christmas holidays, but was postponed in consequence of the Mansion House being under repair. The guests numbered nearly 1000, and included the families of the members of the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council, and a large circle of official and private friends. The company on arriving were received in the saloon by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs of London, the children in fancy-dress being announced in the characters they assumed. These comprised forget-me-nots, buttercups and daisies, Little Lord Fauntleroy,

French fish-wives, jockeys, Hamlets, gypsies, Spanish matadors, Pygmals and Galateas, Mary Queen of Scots, May Queens, Dick Whittingtons, and a variety of others too numerous to mention. After the reception there were various entertainments, including conjuring, performances by the champion juvenile bicyclists (Lotto, Lilo, and Otto), and a ventriloquial sketch by Lieutenant Cole, these amusements being interspersed with dances to the music of the Coldstream Guards' band, under the direction of Mr. C. Thomas. But the most novel and interesting feature of the evening was an historical procession and quadrille, illustrative of costumes and characters (excluding Royal and political personages) since the first mayoralty of

the City of London in 1189. The quadrille was danced by eight sets of the children guests in appropriate characters, the first including Henry Fitz-Alwyn, the first Mayor, and Thomas à Becket; another was composed entirely of characters from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales"; and the last (the nineteenth century) included embodiments in miniature of Sir Rowland Hill, Elizabeth Fry, the Duke of Wellington, William Wilberforce, Grace Darling, and George Stephenson. The whole entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by the juvenile guests. The writer of our Ladies' Column this week has devoted part of her space to comment on the fancy dresses, some of which are represented in our Artist's sketches.



## THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The opening ceremony was performed by M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, on Monday, May 6, under the Grand Dome of the Exhibition Buildings. Our Extra Supplement this week is a large engraving which presents a general view of those buildings and the adjacent grounds, on the left bank of the Seine, at the Pont d'Iéna, occupying the Quai d'Orsay, the Esplanade des Invalides, and the Champ de Mars; the principal structures being erected in the Champ de Mars, around three sides of a central space laid out as a garden, and approached by the arch under the Eiffel Tower. On the opposite bank of the river is the Palace of the Trocadéro, which was built for the Exhibition of 1878. The proceedings on the opening day were brief and simple. On a raised platform above the vast assembly of spectators, there was a gilt chair for the President; and from a tribune or pulpit, at his right hand, M. Tirard, the Prime Minister, read an address describing the plan of the Exhibition, relating the progress of its work, commending M. Alphand, M. Eiffel, and M. Berger, and expressing the hospitable disposition of Republican France to all foreign exhibitors and visitors. President Carnot made a speech in reply, declaring that the French nation, after its cruel trials, had now the right and the power calmly to pursue the course of peaceful improvement, the development of industry, science, art, commerce, and agriculture, and the increase

of wealth, at the same time inviting all other nations to co-operate in these pursuits. He was afterwards conducted through most of the Exhibition galleries, and visited also the British Section. In the evening, the buildings and grounds, and that part of the river were beautifully illuminated by electric lighting.

The Spanish Budget has been introduced by the Minister of Finance, who proposes to bring the revenue up to the expenditure by selling lands, mines, and other State property, and by converting redeemable debt.

The Italian Derby was run on May 2 at Rome. Nine horses took part in the race, which resulted in the victory of Signor Calderoni's Abicano. The King and Queen and the Prince of Naples were present.

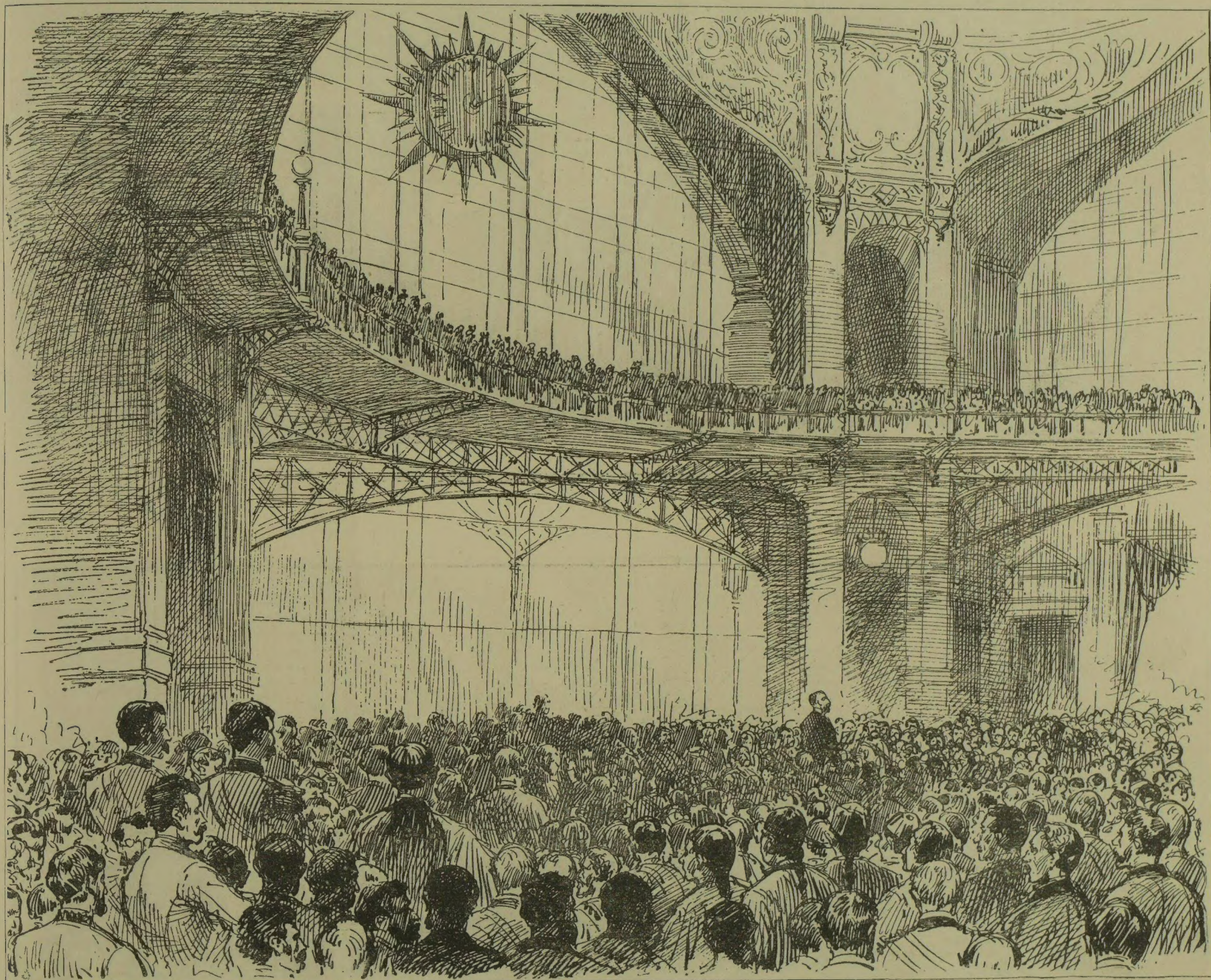
The Legislative Council of West Australia has been prorogued, after completing the framing of the Constitution Bill, which has been forwarded by mail to England for the Royal assent.

The steel bridge built over the Hawkesbury river, on the railway between Sydney and Newcastle, which has been under construction for the last two years and a half, was opened on May 1 by the Governor of New South Wales, in presence of the Ministers, the members of both Houses of Parliament, and a large assemblage of the general public.

## CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Sunday, May 5, was the anniversary of Napoleon's death at St. Helena in 1821, and the hundredth anniversary of a much more important event in French history: the meeting of the States-General at Versailles, which soon converted itself into the National Assembly and commenced the French Revolution, though its original intention was certainly not to dethrone King Louis XVI. This political centenary, which even the Conservatives of Monarchical States can now afford to regard with perfect coolness, has been celebrated by the Government of the French Republic in dignified tranquillity, with no violent outbreak of enthusiasm, but with a settled reliance on the matured national will.

The President of the Republic, M. Carnot, who drove in his carriage from the Elysée Palace, his official residence in Paris, to Versailles, was exposed to an outrage very similar to those which have repeatedly occurred in other countries of Europe; a revolver was fired at him, said to have been loaded only with blank cartridge, by a man named Perrin, supposed to be insane, who was formerly a naval storekeeper, and who was punished for some offence, in Martinique, with military arrest, and was afterwards ordered off to Cayenne and Senegal, on service that he disliked. The outrage took place soon after M. Carnot started from the Elysée, when the people were cheering him, and he was bowing to them at the carriage



THE PARIS EXHIBITION: OPENING CEREMONY UNDER THE GREAT DOME, MONDAY, MAY 6.

window. At Sèvres, at Chaville, along the road, and at Versailles, he was greeted with acclamations, passing through triumphal arches, and receiving addresses from the municipal authorities.

Versailles, the Windsor of France, but "nimium vicina" to the capricious metropolis, preserves its vast and tasteless Royal Palace from the age of Louis Quatorze, the scene of amazing historical disasters—of the orgies of Parisian sans-culottes, men as well as women of the basest rabble, with their savage insults to a well-meaning King and Queen; and latterly, within our own remembrance, the German military occupation, crowned by the proclamation of the conqueror as German Emperor, after victories on many a battle-field of France. It was here, in 1789, that Louis XVI. convened the States-General of the Kingdom, having exhausted all other possible expedients to replenish his exchequer and to carry on his Government, which fell entirely from its own weakness, from the utter corruption, the frivolity, profligacy, and incapacity of the French ruling classes. This palace was the residence of the French Court from 1681 to the fatal day, Oct. 6, 1789, when the King and Queen, threatened with massacre, were carried off to the Tuilleries, from which, at a later date, they were conducted to the guillotine. The grand Salle des Glaces, or Hall of Mirrors, a gallery 242 ft. long, 35 ft. wide, and 43 ft. high, its ceiling painted with the glories of Louis XIV., was the meeting-place of the States-General, and here the Centenary oration was pronounced.

After the singing of the "Marseillaise," by vocalists from the Conservatoire and the Opera, accompanied by the Guards'

band, the President of the Republic, with the Ministers, came forward and spoke, expressing the gratitude of the French people to the men of 1789 who met in that place, and who swore (in the Tennis-court, the "Jeu de Paume") not to separate without giving France a Constitution of rights and liberties. He touched very lightly on the subsequent stages of the Revolution, perhaps too well known to history; but mentioned the Constituent Assembly and the Convention, with the different factions, Constitutionalists, Girondists, and Montagnards or Jacobins, as "architects of the same edifice," and men who pursued the same undeviating path. This remarkable panegyric, which would have astonished Mirabeau if he could have been raised from the dead to hear it, was followed by a much less questionable commendation of modern political principles, and of French national spirit. "France," said M. Carnot, "has definitively broken with the personal power of one man, whatever his title, and now acknowledges no other Sovereign than the law, discussed by the elect of the people in their full independence." We earnestly hope and trust that this disposition may be vindicated by the stability of the present French Republic, which has no ill-wishers, so far as concerns its political form, in any foreign country, but the permanence of which depends entirely on the wisdom of the French nation.

The German Emperor and Empress dined with Prince and Princess Bismarck, on April 30; a select company was invited to meet their Majesties. At Potsdam, on May 2, the Emperor, with great ceremony, presented new colours to the First Battalion

of the First Foot Guards, accompanying the act by a stirring speech. The ceremony was attended, among others, by the Empress and her three eldest sons, Princes Henry, Leopold, Alexander, and Albrecht, Count Moltke, and General Verdy, the new War Minister. The Emperor and Empress arrived at Kiel on the 5th, and later in the day attended the christening of Prince Henry's son. There was a very large assemblage of people, who received their Majesties with great enthusiasm. On the 7th the Emperor went to Holtenau to inspect the progress of the construction of the Elbe and Baltic Canal.—The Reichstag reassembled after the Easter recess, and resumed the debate on the second reading of the Old Age and Indigence Assurance Bill.

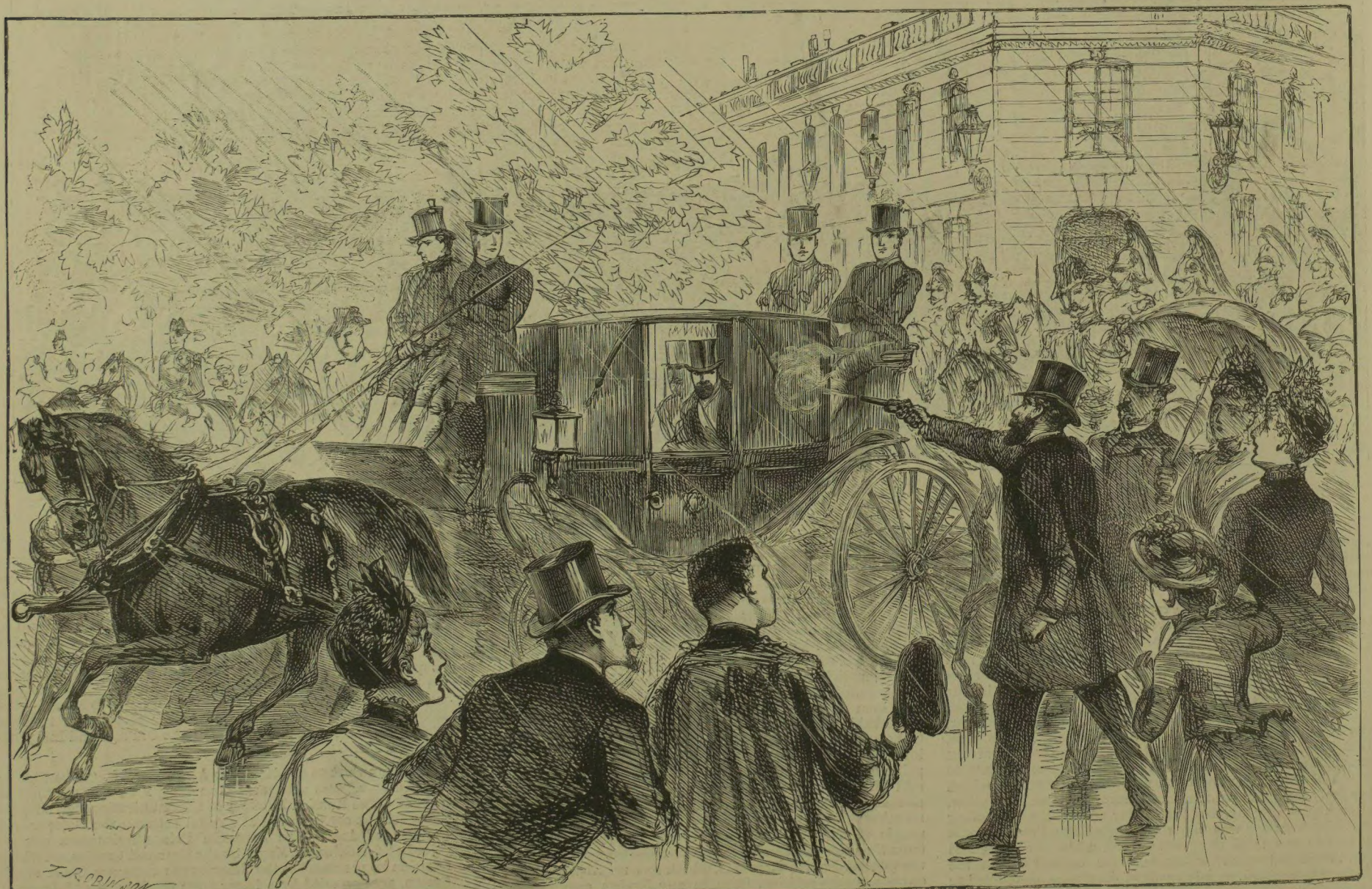
A monument to the late Czar Alexander II., "Liberator or the Peasants," was inaugurated on May 2 at Czenstochoff, in Poland.—The Russian Ministry of Communications has adopted plans for the construction of a canal between the Dnieper and the Sea of Azof.—The Japanese Prince Arisugawa was received at Gatchina on May 5 by the Czar and Czarina, on which occasion he presented to the Empress the Japanese Order of the Crown, accompanied by a letter from the Empress of Japan.—Count Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior, died on the 7th.

Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor and High Commissioner, sailed for England from Capetown in the Royal mail-steamers Moor, all possible honours being shown to his Excellency.—Lieutenant-General H. A. Smyth, commanding the forces in South Africa, has been officially appointed Administrator of Cape Colony, pending the present interregnum.



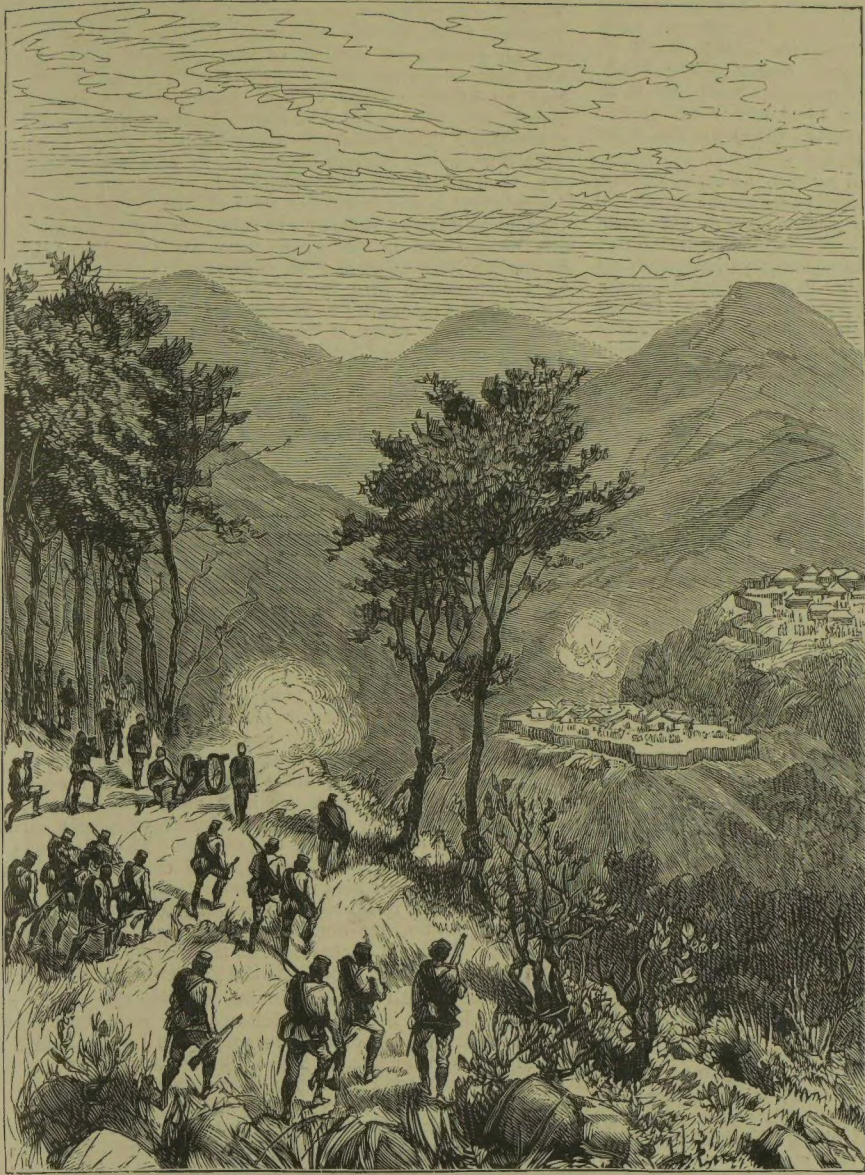


SCENE IN THE SALLE DES GLACES AT VERSAILLES, SUNDAY, MAY 5.

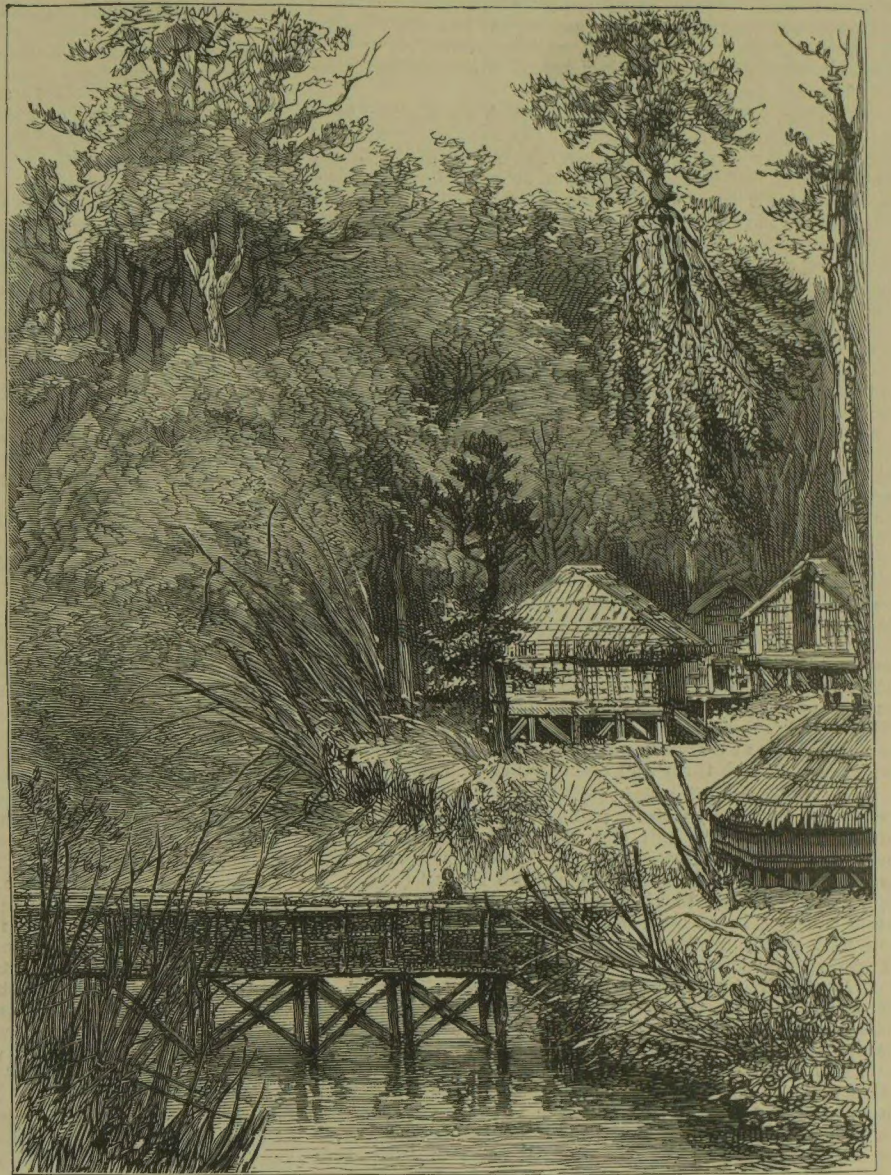


PRESIDENT CARNOT FIRED AT NEAR THE ELYSÉE PALACE.

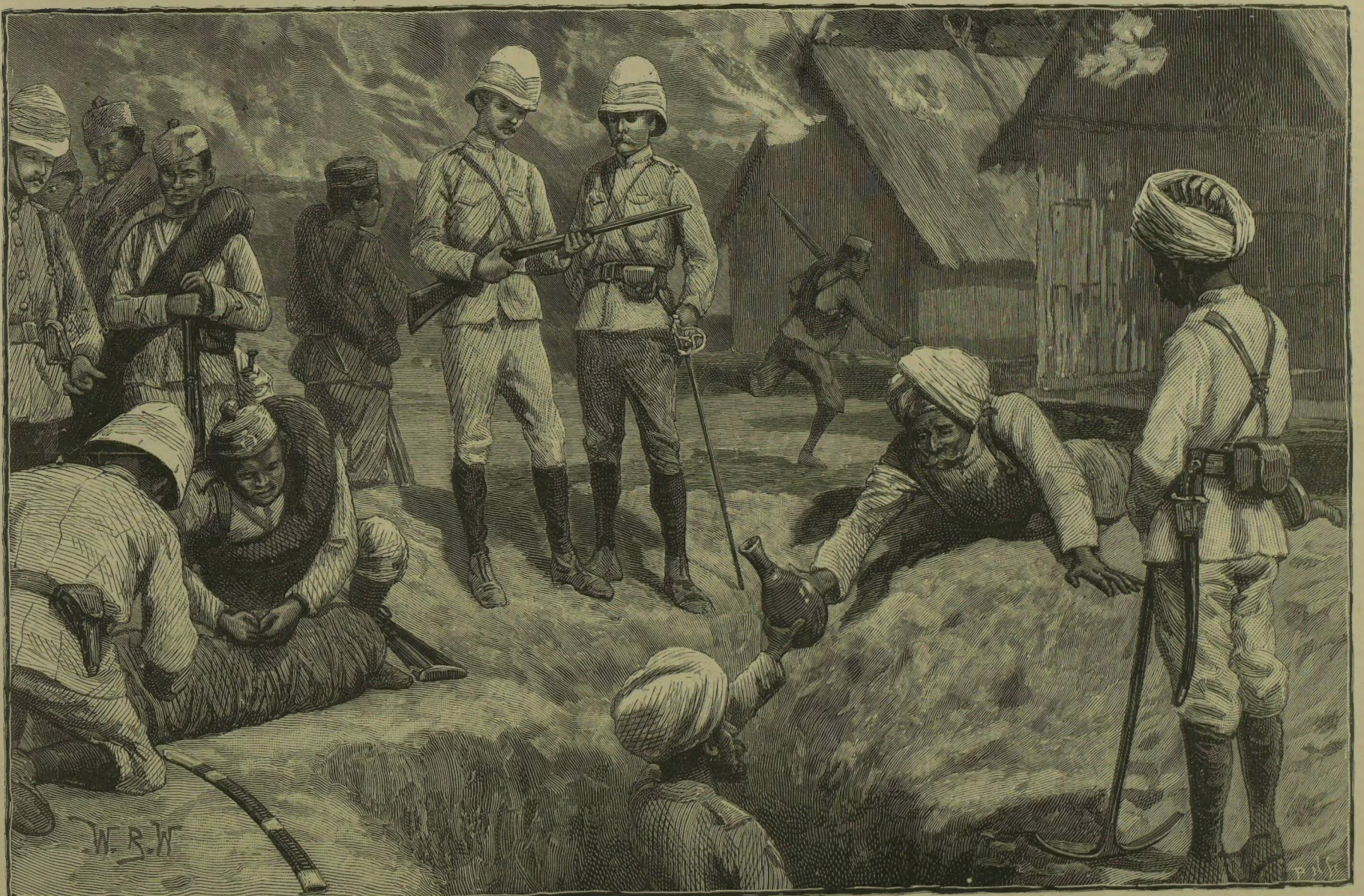




FIRST SHELL FIRED AT HOWSATTA'S VILLAGE.



CAMP ON THE PHYRANG RIVER.



FINDING LIEUTENANT STEWART'S GUN IN HIS MURDERER'S TOMB.

THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT H. W. G. COLE, 2ND GOORKHAS.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## SECOND NOTICE.

Having already spoken in general terms of the leading features of the present exhibition, we now propose to pass rapidly in review some of the more important pictures in their numerical order according to the catalogue. The motto chosen for the year, "Blest be the art that can immortalise," is a prayer to which all will willingly say "Amen," although comparatively few will profit by the wish.

In Gallery I. Mr. Colin Hunter, although not striking out a new line of thought in his "Baiters" (5), has greatly modified and, as we think, improved his style. The colours of the sea are more subdued, and nothing is lost in strength by the greater harmony of his tones. The scene is, as usual, taken from fisher-life on the Banffshire coast, of which the bold rocks and bright seas have furnished him so many pleasing subjects. The figure of the standing girl watching her companions is especially graceful. Mr. Wm. Logsdail's "Sunday in the City" (18) is a clever rendering of the steps and the lower part of the portico on the west front of St. Paul's Cathedral, severe in tone but masterly in drawing. Mr. J. C. Hook's two sea-pieces, "The Seaweed-Raker" (19) and "The Fowler's Pool" (32), are perhaps equal, if not superior, to any work he has done for years. In both there is a splendid expanse of sea beyond the shore, which glitters with a perfect rainbow of colours caught from the sand, the stagnant pools, or the seaweed-covered rocks. The sense of space and air which pervades the sea and sky is only equalled by the refined treatment of the hundred tints which glitter in and over them. Between these two masterpieces are Sir Frederick Leighton's single-figure studies "Sibyl" (25), in her grotto, dark and dignified; and "Invocation" (31), a bright, fair-haired girl in flowing white raising her arms in prayer over the altar. For those to whom the classic unreality of the president's work has charms, these finely-modelled, wax-fleshed priestesses will be welcome as evidence that the chief upholder of what must now be recognised as "high art" has lost none of his power. To the ordinary eye, however, "Sibyl" is a dark-shadowed matron, somewhat overpressed by the sense of her own dignity, and "Invocation" is a mass of white muslin which throws a ghastly pallor over its wearer.

Mr. W. S. Byrne's "Twilight" (27) is a landscape somewhat low in tone, but very carefully painted; the clouds about the rising moon over the hill and the still water under the trees are specially well rendered. By a curious reaction Mr. Goodall's Eastern landscape, "Leading the Flock" (26), is in every respect inferior to his English scene already described; but, at any rate, it is a more interesting and satisfactory work than that of his brother Academician, Mr. Armitage, whose "Yachting Souvenir" (39) was scarcely worthy to be painted at all, and still less to be exhibited in public. Mr. W. B. Richmond has, in the well-known surgeon, Mr. Timothy Holmes (49), an admirable subject, but we are doubtful whether the almost dreamy expression of the eyes is natural to the sitter; on the other hand, Mr. Emslie has made a real success of his portrait of Professor Sylvester (51), in whose bright face wit and science seem to occupy equal space. Mr. Henry Moore has for a moment got away from his blue seas and gives us a fine study of "As when the Sun doth light a Storm" (50), and he is even more happy in his evening study (97), on the opposite wall. Mr. H. W. B. Davis also lays aside for a time his mannerism, and in his broad sketch of moorland, "Overlooking the Loch" (55), shows Caledonia not "stern and wild" but with a sunny face, which becomes her well.

There is plenty of "circumstance" in Mr. Seymour Lucas's "The Surrender" (67) of Don Pedro de Valdez to Sir Francis Drake, all of which is rendered with spirit and learning, and there is, perhaps, authority for the English commander's costume. To the casual spectator, however, it looks as if Drake, by receiving the Spaniard in slippers, were doing his enemy but scant courtesy. Mr. W. Lomas's portrait of Mrs. Geiger (68) suggests the appearance in the lists of another artist capable of rendering the most acceptable service to a lady—that of making her look charming in her own and her friends' eyes. The pose, showing a graceful inclination of the neck, is original as well as graceful, and the colouring throughout harmonious; and it shows well in contrast with Mr. Glazebrook's conventional and uninteresting portrait of Mrs. James Heath (75). Sir John Millais's "Murthly Water" (74), in full blaze of sunlight, is not a work of which he will be proud in future times. The magician's wand is nowhere visible in the crude colour or the harsh distance. There is, moreover, an absence of atmosphere and warmth which under conditions of the place and hour would seem inevitable. In the same room we may mention Mr. George Lucas's "Harvesting" (79), a sunless Linnell; Mr. Oulless's portrait of Mr. John Scott (80), and Mr. Pettie's more successful rendering of a more interesting and characteristic face—that of Mr. John Jaffray (73); Mr. Val Prinsep's "Carmen" (81), brilliant, but somewhat heavy in colour; and Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Phantom Ship" (81), a fine contrast of ancient and modern ship architecture, and a glassy sea during a thunderstorm of remarkable power, in which the lightning is rendered for once with absolute truthfulness.

Gallery II., which accommodates less than a hundred works, contains over twenty portraits, and this is perhaps not an undue proportion compared with the other rooms. Of these, the most attractive is Mr. Herkomer's Lady Eden (151), in a greenish gossamer dress, seated in the midst of a landscape. It certainly has many qualities of refinement and grace; but there is too much suggestion of successful photography and too little of a living model. Equally unsuccessful, but from totally different causes, is Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Sisters" (122), a large work representing two handsome girls seated on a terrace overlooking the sea. The landscape is quite in Mr. Boughton's best style; but the modelling of the figures is poor and weak, and the flesh-colour wanting in transparency and variety. The large picture of the "Passing of Arthur" (150), by Mr. Frank Dicksee, is another instance of "vaulting ambition," and in trying to attain the heights of imaginative work the artist has fallen into the style of the late Mr. Falconer Poole. The cold, pale moonlight does not necessarily tinge Nature with an unpleasant green fog, and there is no sense of mystery and romance in the prosaic management of the accessories of the solemn scene. A new-comer as compared with Mr. Dicksee, Mr. John M. Swan has touched a deeper note of true pathos in his "Prodigal Son" (136) bowed down with shame and sorrow, as, seated among the pigs and poppies, he recalls his father's home and love; and a still more recent recruit, Mr. Edward King, shows in the touching church interior (142) a power of drawing and a management of colour which ensure him future success. But one turns from such sad themes to Mr. Henry Woods' bright group of Venetian idlers "On the Steps of the Scuola, San Rocco" (173), and recognise that in art, at least, the bright side of life may fix our attention without peril; or we may wander with Mr. Mark Fisher through the valley of the Test, and enjoy without misgiving the beauties of Hampshire as shown near the Ford (175).

It is so seldom that religious art finds followers, now-days that the "enthusiasm of humanity" is placed on so high a pedestal, that one gladly welcomes such work as Mr. Savage Cooper's triptych, representing St. Elizabeth, the Holy Family, and St. Joseph (133-5). The painting is wholly conventional, but strong and good in colour; but we doubt if the day for popularising such art is likely to return. Such works as Mr. Leonard Raven-Hill's "Gipsies" (149); Mr. W. P. Frith's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Foster (143); Sir F. Leighton's "Elegy" (187), and its companion work, Mr. C. E. Perugini's "Corona" (189), a face of ideal purity and grace; and Mr. E. J. Poynter's "On the Terrace" (188), are the other noteworthy pictures of this room.

Gallery III., which is regarded as the *salle d'honneur*, contains many pictures to which reference has already been made; but there are many others which deserve attention. Mr. R. W. Rouse's "In the Month of May" (197) is one of several landscapes contributed by this young painter and his equally promising brother, Mr. F. J. Rouse. Both of them display a very keen appreciation of Nature, and a rare feeling for light and air, although the latter's work is occasionally somewhat hard. Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Colonel Gamble (201) and Mrs. Gladstone (205) are very unequal subjects for the artist's brush, and it is a little unfortunate that the two pictures should be exhibited in such close proximity. Of Mrs. Gladstone's portrait we took occasion to speak some months ago, when it was exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's. A further study of it only adds to our appreciation of this successful and dignified rendering of a very attractive face. Miss Ethel Mortlock's portrait of Lord Wolseley (221) is by no means the least attractive variation of that able General, infusing a certain amount of dash and strength into the face. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Ophelia" (222) can scarcely be regarded as a pleasing picture, although as a psychological study of the sense-bereft maiden lying amid the grass and flowers it is painfully interesting. Mr. Briton Riviere's humorous scene "Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End!" (231), represents the disorder into which a company of noble knights armed for the jousts or the fray have been thrown by the rattling of the fool's bells. Apart from the clever rendering of the spirit in which the various cavaliers take their pleasantry, there is very great skill shown in the attitudes of the various horses, which have been thus startled whilst descending a steep hill. We suppose that we must abandon all hope of seeing Mr. Marcus Stone return to the more dramatic subjects he used to treat with so much finesse and vigour. The "First Love-Letter" (236) is a very slight variation of a theme on which he has already spent much of his undeniable talent; but we begin to know too intimately the two young ladies—one has grown very young this year—the old garden seat, and the shady garden nook, whence one looks through the trees to the blaze of sunshine beyond. If, however, Mr. Marcus Stone succeeds in repeating himself without wearying his public, the same cannot be said of Mr. Edwin Long, whose Egyptian ceremonies have absolutely no interest for the world, as soon as the trick of producing the "local colour" is understood. Preparing for the "Festival of Anubis" (255), with its array of dogs and jackals, falls in interest and quality immeasurably below Mr. Yates Carrington's "Strolling Players awaiting an Audience" (1171), which is a real study of animal life heightened by human interests. Mr. H. W. B. Davis has found in the study of stags "On the Low Ground" (256) a fine opportunity of displaying his mastery of Scotch moorland scenery, basking in the sunshine, and affords Mr. Wellwood Rattray a good opportunity of challenging public opinion on his brilliant rendering of "Golden September" (264). Mr. Knighton Warren, who some few years back seemed to be coming to the front rank as a portrait-painter, has been somewhat unfortunate in his subject, Mr. John Jones (262), a face which offers small opportunity for an artist's higher powers; but he has, nevertheless, succeeded in producing a spirited picture. Mr. Colin Hunter does not often appear as a portrait-painter: in fact, we can only recall one previous attempt; still, his treatment of Mr. Oscar Leslie Stephen (267) is as successful as that gentleman may wish his own by the electors of Kincardineshire may prove. Mr. Andrew Gow is one of the few contemporary painters who remain faithful to historical subjects, and we therefore welcome the more cordially his capital group of horsemen (260) who accompanied King Charles I. on his memorable visit to Kingston-on-Hull in 1642, and were received so diplomatically by the Governor, Sir John Hotham, who was holding the town for the Parliament.

Among the other pictures of this room which demand attention may be mentioned Mr. W. W. Oulless's portrait of Sir William Bowman (292), his best and most characteristic work of the year; Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Corner in the Villa" (291), and Mr. Alma-Tadema's "At the Shrine of Venus" (313), archaeological subjects of surpassing beauty, exquisite finish, and both wholly wanting in any human interest; Mr. Luke Fildes' "Al Fresco Toilette" (307), outside a comfortable Venetian house, charming in colour, powerful in composition, and in every way a picture which will be as interesting fifty years hence as it is to-day; Sir J. E. Millais's portrait of Mrs. Paul Hardy (306); and a very wild and imposing bit of Scotch mountain scenery (279) by Mr. P. Graham, in which the treatment of the brown burn boiling down the mountain-side is rendered with wonderful truthfulness.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER.

The anniversary dinner of the Royal Academy, held in No. III. Gallery on May 4, was an exceedingly brilliant affair. The Prince of Wales and his two sons were present, and among the guests were the Prime Minister and several members of the Cabinet, eminent members of both Houses of Parliament, the two Archbishops of the Church of England, Cardinal Manning, and a large number of the most distinguished representatives of literature, science, and art. The Duke of Cambridge, owing to his recent family bereavement, was unable to attend.

Sir Frederick Leighton proposed, in eloquent and sympathetic terms, the loyal toasts; and the Prince of Wales, responding in his usual genial style to the toast of his health, took occasion to pay a graceful tribute to the memory of the late Frank Holl, whose skill, he observed, will be recognised by posterity as that of one of the greatest masters of our time.

Mr. E. Stanhope, M.P., responded for the "Army," and Sir Arthur W. A. Hood for the "Navy," the latter expressing the opinion that when the new programme is completed in 1894 the Navy will have reached a standard of strength sufficient to maintain the interests of this country at home and abroad.

The Marquis of Salisbury replied in very happy terms to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers." In the course of his response he mentioned the Historical Portrait Gallery, and informed his hearers that one of our own countrymen, who forbade the mention of his name, had offered to build at his own expense an adequate gallery for this beautiful collection of historical portraits within a reasonable distance of Charing-cross if the Government would provide a site, which he believed they would be able to do. The munificent donor of whom Lord Salisbury spoke is said to be Mr. Alexander, of Kensington, the well-known collector of Chinese and Japanese works of art.

## THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION.

A few additional sketches, by Lieutenant H. W. G. Cole, of the 2nd Goorkhas, are presented this week as illustrations of the recent military expedition sent from Calcutta to the opposite coast of Chittagong, on the north-eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, and up the Kurnaphuli river, to chastise the hostile Looshai tribes in the highlands of that region. We have already given some account of the successful performance of this task, which involved a further advance up the Phyrang, and an attack on the village belonging to a Shendu chief named Howsatta, where the enemy held a position fortified by a stockade. The position was first shelled by our artillery, on March 20, in the manner shown in one of these sketches, and was then taken by the Goorkhas without much fighting; the Shendus set fire to their houses and fled. The chief himself died some months before; but his grave was found, outside his house; and in the grave were his sword and his war-plume; a little store of food, sugar-cane, and a bottle of beer, placed there according to custom for the use of the deceased; and the gun belonging to Lieutenant Stewart, who was killed last year by a party of Looshai marauders, while engaged on survey work in the Chittagong Hills.

## MUSIC.

At the Royalty Theatre on May 4 a season of comic opera was inaugurated by the production of "Mignonette," a work of that class, written by Mr. O. Brand and composed by Mr. H. Parker. It is described as a "romantic comic opera," and the plot—such as there is—is an incongruous jumble of the supernatural and the farcical. The scene is laid in the Tyrol: there is a mysterious "legendary Spirit of the Mountains," named Alpinor; a dictatorial wealthy landowner, Nicol Nicholas; his daughter, Mignonette, who is secretly beloved by an artist, honoured by the playwright with the name of Vandyke; a comic footman, of the exaggerated kind; Lizette, waiting-maid to Mignonette; and one Silverling, brother to Nicholas—a supernatural change of identity between these two being one of the romantic elements of the piece. Other characters, too numerous for specification, make up the list of dramatic personæ. Mr. Parker's music comprises pieces for the principal characters, and some with which the chorus is associated. Some of these are in a pseudo-sentimental style, others of a rollicking opera-bouffe character, nearly all being devoid either of originality or interest. The piece was well placed on the stage as to scenery and costumes, and all the executants did their best with their respective parts; special praise being due to Misses A. Lincoln and A. Oliver, respectively, as Mignonette and her maid; Mr. Lionel Brough, as Nicholas; Mr. J. G. Robertson, as the artist; Mr. H. Pope, as Alpinor; and Mr. E. Keene, as the gesticulating footman.

The comparative lull in musical activity that occurs at the period of Easter is speedily followed by important performances leading to the summer season, when London music is at its highest development. The Richter Concerts are now added to the reviving activities. These renowned performances have entered on a new summer season, the inauguration of which, on May 6, put forth a programme in which Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony was associated with well-known works by Wagner, Brahms, and Liszt. The selection altogether consisted of music that has so often been performed and commented on that mere mention will now suffice.

At the second concert of the Bach Choir, which took place at St. James's Hall on May 4, Dr. Parry's oratorio "Judith" was performed. The work was originally produced at the Birmingham Festival in August last, when it was commented on by us. It will, therefore, be unnecessary now to say more than to record its recent repetition in London, with Misses Anna Williams and L. Little, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. W. Mills as the solo vocalists; and Professor Stanford as conductor.

The programme of the fifty-first performance of the Musical Artists' Society, at Willis's Rooms on May 4, comprised several important works by English composers.

An important sign of renewed musical activity is the resumption of the Philharmonic concerts, with the fourth performance of the seventy-seventh season, on May 9, when M. Ysaye, a Belgian violinist, was to make his first appearance. Of this we must speak hereafter.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society was to give a performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music for its fifth and last concert of the series. Among recent miscellaneous concerts were those of Miss Fanny Davies, the excellent young pianist, at Prince's Hall; the first of three recitals at Steinway Hall by Mr. Lawrence Kellie, a rising young vocalist; Mr. W. Nicholls' second chamber concert at the same hall; and the fifth annual concert of Mr. Ernest Kiver, the pianist, at Prince's Hall. On May 8 those skilful artists Misses M. and C. Eissler, violinist and harpist, were to give a concert, introducing a sonata by Spohr for those instruments; the Guildhall School of Music having announced a concert for the same date. Sir Charles Hallé's new series of chamber music concerts was to begin at St. James's Hall on May 10, when he announced the first performance of a posthumous string quartet of Cherubini's. A grand concert was organised, under the special patronage of Princess Christian, to take place at Grosvenor House on May 11, in support of the work which the "Popular Musical Union" is doing in providing music for the people in the poorer districts of London. The first of a new series of orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall, by the eminent violinist Señor Sarasate, has been announced for May 11. Miss Harriet Kendall announces a dramatic recital, under Royal and distinguished patronage, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on the evening of May 25. She will be assisted by Mr. Lawrence Kellie, vocalist; Herr Poyntanski, violinist; Herr Schuberth, violoncellist; and Signor Carlo Ducci, pianist. A most attractive programme has been arranged.

Mr. Snazelle's entertainment, announced to begin at the Agricultural Hall on May 6, put forth a very attractive programme, in which song and story and pictorial illustrations offered varied contrasts. Mr. Snazelle will be favourably remembered by many as having been, for some years, an important member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

The ferry between Greenwich and the Isle of Dogs was formally opened for public traffic on May 2, in presence of a representative company, who afterwards lunched together at the Ship Hotel.

The Hon. Dr. Beaney, of Melbourne, Australia, has withdrawn his munificent offer to build a free library and institute for Canterbury, which is his birthplace, presumably owing to the unfavourable manner in which the suggestion was received by the Town Council.

At the meeting of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland, on May 1, a deputation representing the Churches of Ireland and England, and Protestant denominations in America and elsewhere, presented to the Lord Primate the Archbishop's Palace of Armagh and its grounds, free of rent, in celebration of the completion of the fortieth year of his episcopacy.



## A FIGHT WITH A BUFFALO.

We had left the Orange River and were "trekking" slowly across Basutoland. One afternoon, two or three hours before sundown, we reached a knoll, or slight elevation; up this the weary oxen clambered, straining at their yokes with reddened eyes and streaming flanks. The day had been scorching, and the tracks sandy. Upon this hill we intended to outspan and encamp for the night. My friend Elcho and I had walked on ahead, and therefore reached the summit of the hill first—what a sight met us! There, before us, stretched an immense rolling plain, far as the eye could reach; nothing but a great brown sea of tableland that seemed to dwarf by its immensity a belt of forest trees to the east, where a shining river shone like a silver ribbon, winding in and out amidst the dense foliage.

"Look! look!" exclaimed Elcho, pointing and spreading out his arms, "the land waves like the sea—what is it?" I stood and stared with him, it was so strange. The very earth seemed undulating before us, and then Bergmann, the Dutch transport-rider, came up. "What is it?" we asked him, pointing from the land beneath us to the horizon.

"Animals," he replied. It was true; we had happened upon a great and wonderful migration.

"Every seven years," said the trader, "this takes place; large droves of animals move from one pasture-land to another; as they proceed, they gather more herds, till they swell to the numbers we see before us; they're in millions!"

It was so stupendous a sight that no pen can do justice to the picture; from the waggon we brought our field-glasses and stood watching them; the nearest, about two miles away,

were buffaloes. There seemed no limit to the dark shaggy creatures. Far away in the distance, were giraffes and ostriches, their slender necks lifting against the sky; between them and the buffaloes were gnus, veldebeests, springboks, gazelles, koodoos, antelopes, every kind and variety of deer that roam the great plains of Africa.

All were moving slowly along, and all, except the giraffes and ostriches, had their heads down feeding, gradually eating their way, devouring the somewhat scanty herbage before them. They would go on till they reached the rich lands where their instincts were taking them, where they would be gradually distributed as circumstances and their breed might direct them.

When the waggon, with its white-canvas hood, hove in view, and then came to a standstill on the hilltop, it caused some excitement in the herd of buffaloes nearest to us. Bergmann, after giving directions to the Kaffirs for the outspanning for the night, came up to Elcho and myself and suggested our getting a shot at a buffalo calf. There is no twilight in Africa; after the sun has set, it rapidly grows dark, so there was no time to be lost.

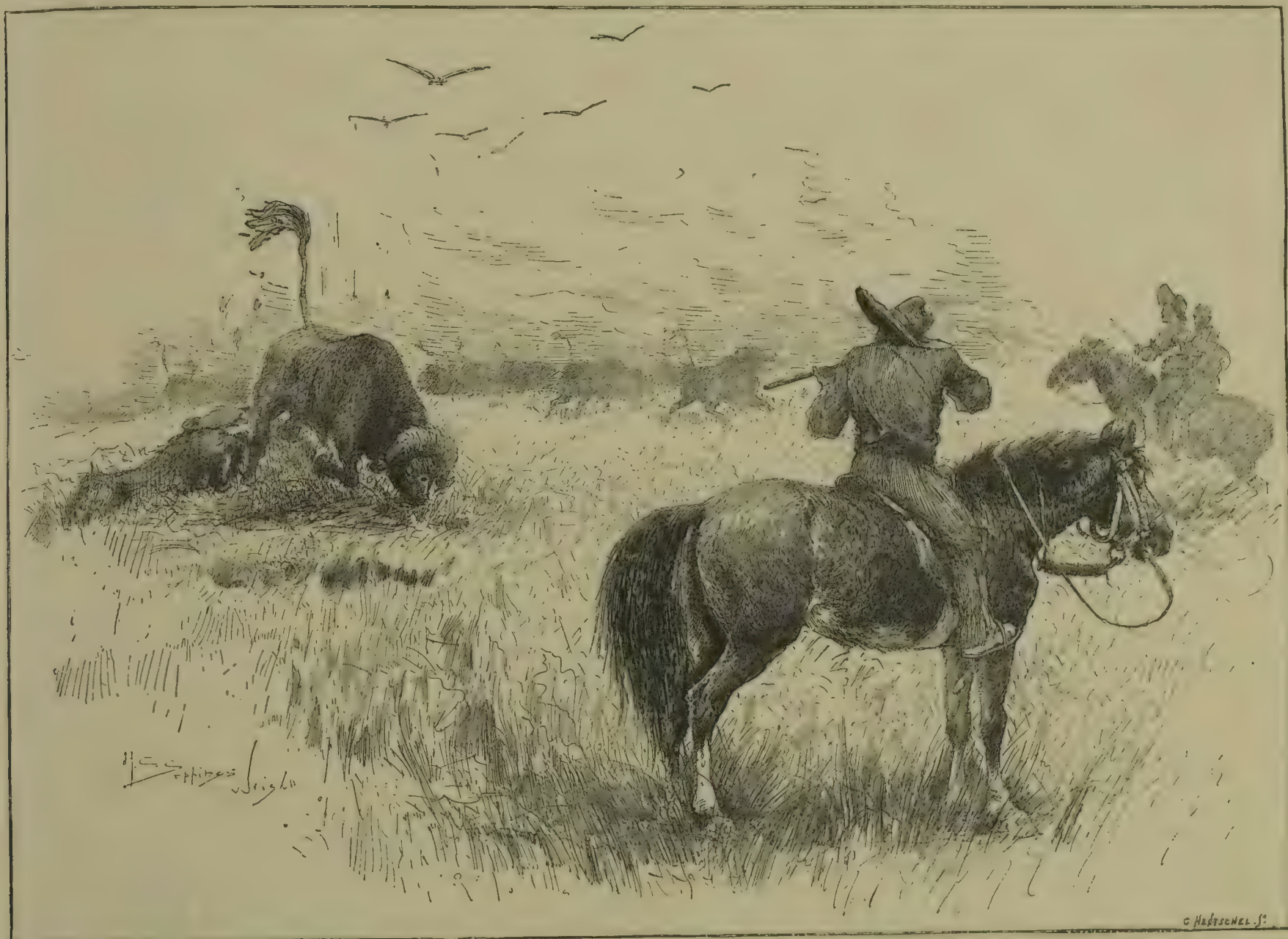
We mounted our horses and rode away into the "veldt." As we galloped along the turf plain we saw that the buffaloes were increasing their speed, and presently a great dun-coloured cloud of fine dust rose into the air. The animals nearest to us were running, but only these; far beyond, the myriads were still quietly progressing, feeding as they went. "Not so fast," cried Bergmann; "keep to the rear; they would trample us to death if we once headed them." We rode a couple of miles, with our rifles in our hands, Bergmann in advance; then, with a quick movement—he was a splendid rider—he flung

himself from his saddle, levelled his gun and fired, the well-trained horse standing perfectly still. He then vaulted into his saddle again and swept on. He had aimed at a calf, but missed, and hit an old bull. The courageous beast stood waiting for us, thereby covering the retreat of the herd that thundered along in dusky swiftness. Before we reached the animal, however, he turned, and with mighty bounds followed the drove.

Again the bull turned, and faced us, waiting, pawing up the ground and describing short circles as we approached.

I dismounted and fired. Instantly the bull charged; but I scrambled on my horse again, and was off. Bergmann and Elcho were now between the infuriated animal and the fast-disappearing herd. Elcho was, in fact, on the ground; and as the bull swept round, he fired. The animal stumbled clumsily, but the next second was up again, his muddy sides flaked with foam, as, snorting with anger, and with lowered front, he rushed upon his enemy. "To the left!" shouted Bergmann, as Elcho sprang into the saddle and gave his horse the spur. But the horse, not obeying the rein, only raced forward, while we heard the roar of the wounded and maddened bull in pursuit of him. Elcho rode thus a couple of hundred yards, tugging at the reins; and then, in wheeling from the straight course, the horse suddenly slipped and fell.

The pace had been terrific, and the impetus shot Elcho out of the saddle, while the horse rolled over and over. Another minute and the bull had fallen on the horse with indescribable fury. Then, with head thrust sideways, the better to use the curiously-curved but formidable horns, the buffalo commenced his savage onslaught. Bergmann raced up after he had seen Elcho spring to his feet and join me; but it was too late to



FIGHT WITH A BUFFALO IN SOUTH AFRICA.

save the horse, a valuable animal; the poor brute was stabbed and gored in a shocking manner, and could not hope to survive its terrible wounds.

As Bergmann rode up, the bull waited in front of the prostrate horse. The Dutchman fired; the bull tossed his head and stood still. I handed him my rifle, and received his empty one, into which I slipped a couple of cartridges. "Hide round slowly," said the Dutchman, "and fire after my next shot." I had Elcho behind me on my steed, and therefore could not execute any racing manoeuvres; besides, our horses were getting winded and the sun was beginning to go down. The bull received the contents of Bergmann's second gun, and dropped on his knees bellowing; then I let drive, as well as I could see in the fast-coming darkness, at the spot behind the shoulder. The bull rose, staggered blindly forward, and fell again. Bergmann and myself, then riding up, dispatched our fallen enemy. We were alone on the empty plain. Five or six miles away we could see the fire at the camp, towards which we turned our horses' heads, and rode slowly homeward.

C. H. L.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held on May 1, at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Harrowby.

The report, which was read, stated that the total receipts for the past year amounted to £212,655, being a deficit of £13,508 as compared with the previous year; and the expenditure to £226,164. But taking the average of the past three years the figures showed a balance to the credit of the society of £2028. The return of issues also showed a considerable decrease, there having been a total distribution during the year of nearly 3,700,000 copies, which was about 500,000 less than in 1887.

The chairman said the progress of the Bible was a matter of the deepest interest to every one of them; and his general

impression was, from the different reports he had received, that there was a growing feeling both at home and abroad in favour of it. The financial loss this year, as compared with the previous year, was because the society had not received such enormous legacies; but there was not the slightest reason for discouragement. The society had circulated the Bible in 287 languages; and the editing and translating branch of their work was one of the most remarkable things of our time. They had missionaries engaged in the work of revision all over the world. The work at home was proceeding on almost the same lines as formerly.

Sir R. Temple, in moving the adoption of the report, said that if their work was to succeed in India they must believe in the reality and success of Christian missions in that country, notwithstanding all that had been said to the contrary by modern objectors. He contended that if the English people furnished adequate means, the whole of the 27,000,000 natives of India might be converted to Christianity in a few generations. The progress of education in the East, which was being furnished by the Government, was rapidly undermining the faith of the people in their own ancient religion. They would, perhaps, not embrace Christianity immediately; but, at all events, every boy and girl who went to the Government schools left with their minds open for the reception of truth, and with eyes ready to read the copies of the Bible that were circulated through the agency of societies like the British and Foreign Bible Society. Female education, which had been unknown for countless ages, was now spreading throughout India, and literature of all kinds was being circulated among the women. We were bound, having made the Indian people what they were by our secular education, to furnish them with the means of understanding the Bible. The remarkable characteristic of an educated native was his desire to go back to the earliest writings of all the nationalities of the world; their ancient books were being studied with a degree of

attention hitherto unknown; and he hoped that they would be led to study that Book which threw the greatest light upon the origin of human civilisation in the highest sense of the term.

The Rev. J. Macgowan (China), in seconding the adoption of the report, contended that there was no power in China that would touch its people, except the Bible. The motion was agreed to.

A resolution appealing for aid to further the aims of the society was afterwards carried.

The fine old church of Shoreham has received an addition to its stained glass of a window from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, with the subject of "David as Shepherd," erected by the parishioners, in memory of Dr. Harris Smith, for thirty-two years Vicar.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales arrived at West Hartlepool from York, on May 1, to open the municipal buildings recently erected in the town. Previous to declaring the buildings open, Prince Albert Victor was presented with an address and a gold key. His Royal Highness also launched a large new steel steamer from the yard of Messrs. W. Gray and Co., christening it the Duke of Cornwall. The town was extensively decorated, and the day was observed as a general holiday.

The Earl of Dunraven's cutter yacht *Valkyrie*, built by Messrs. Fay and Co., of Southampton, from designs by Mr. Watson, was launched on May 1 in the presence of a considerable body of spectators. The *Valkyrie* is composite built, all her frames being of steel, her top sides and deck fittings being of teak, with hard wood bottom plankings. She is fitted with a place for a centre-board; but it is not probable that one will be used. It is stated that there is no truth in the report that the negotiations between the Earl of Dunraven and the New York Yacht Club have fallen through.



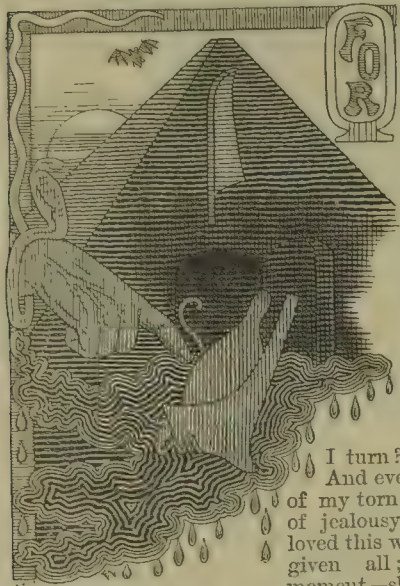
## CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE PLAN OF CHARMION; OF THE CONFESSION OF CHARMION;  
AND OF THE ANSWER OF HARMACHIS.

some while I sat with bowed head, and the last bitterness of shame sank into my soul. This, then, was the end! For this I had betrayed my oaths; for this I had told the secret of the Pyramid; for this I had lost my Crown, my Honour, and, perchance, my hope of Heaven! Could there be another man in the wide world so steeped in sorrow as I was that night? Surely not one! Where should I turn? What could I do?

And even through the tempest of my torn heart the bitter voice of jealousy called aloud. For I loved this woman, to whom I had given all; and she at this moment—she was—Ah! I could not bear to think of it; and in my utter agony, my heart burst forth in a river of tears such as are terrible to weep!

Then Charmion drew near to me, and I saw that she, too, was weeping.

"Weep not, Harmachis!" she sobbed, kneeling at my side. "I cannot endure to see thee weep. Oh! why wouldst thou not be warned? Then hadst thou been great and happy, and not as now. Listen, Harmachis! Thou didst hear what that false and tigerish woman said—to-morrow she hands thee over to the murderers!"

"It is well," I gasped.

"Nay; it is not well. Harmachis, give her not this last triumph over thee. Thou hast lost all save life; but while life remains, hope remains also, and with hope the chance of vengeance."

"Ah!" I said, starting from my seat. "I had not thought of that. Aye—the chance of vengeance! It would be sweet to be avenged!"

"It would be sweet, Harmachis, and yet this—Vengeance is an arrow that in falling oft pierces him who shot it. Myself—I know it," and she sighed. "But a truce to talk and grief. Time will there be for us twain to grieve, if not to talk, in all the heavy coming years. Thou must fly—before the dawning of the light must thou fly. Here is a plan. To-morrow, ere the dawn, a galley that but yesterday came from Alexandria, bearing fruit and stores, sails thither once again, whereof the Captain is known to me, but to thee he is not known. Now, I will find thee the garb of a Syrian merchant, and cloak thee as I know how, and furnish thee with a letter to the Captain of the galley. He shall give thee passage to Alexandria; for to him thou wilt seem but as a merchant going on the business of thy trade. 'Tis Brennus who is Captain of the Guard to-night, and Brennus is a friend to me and thee. Perchance he will guess somewhat; or, perchance he will not guess; at the least, the Syrian merchant shall safely pass the lines. What sayest thou?"

"It is well," I answered wearily; "little do I reckon the issue."

"Rest thou then here, Harmachis, while I make these matters ready; and, Harmachis, grieve not overmuch: there are others who should grieve more heavily than thou." And she went, leaving me alone with mine agony that rent me like a torture-bed. Methinks, had it not been for that fierce desire of vengeance which from time to time flashed across my tormented mind as the quick lightning o'er a midnight sea, my reason had left me in that dark hour. At length I heard her footstep at the door, and she entered, breathing heavily, for in her arms she bore a sack of clothing.

"All is well," she said; "here is the garb with spare linen, and writing-tablets, and all things needful. I have seen Brennus also, and told him that a Syrian merchant would pass the guard an hour before the dawn. And though he made pretence of sleep, methinks he understood, for he answered, yawning, that if they but had the password, 'Antony,' fifty Syrian merchants might go through about their lawful business. And here is the letter to the Captain—thou canst not mistake the galley, for she is moored along to the right—a small galley, painted black, as thou dost enter on the great quay, and, moreover, the sailors make ready for sailing. Now will I wait here without, while thou dost put off the livery of thy service and array thyself."

When she was gone I tore off my gorgeous garments and spat upon them and trod them on the ground. Then I put on the modest robe of a merchant, and bound round me the tablets, on my feet the sandals of untanned hide, and at my waist the knife. When it was done, Charmion entered once again and looked on me.

"Too much art thou still the Royal Harmachis," she said; "see, it must be changed."

Then she took scissors from her tiring-table, and bidding me be seated, she cut off my locks, clipping the hair close to the head. Next she found stains of such sort as women use to make dark the eyes, and mixed them cunningly, rubbing the stuff on my face and hands and on the white mark in my hair where the sword of Brennus had bitten to the bone.

"Now art thou changed—somewhat for the worse, Harmachis," she said, with a dreary laugh, "scarce myself should I know thee. Stay, there is one more thing," and, going to a chest of garments, she drew thence a heavy bag of gold.

"Take thou this," she said, "thou wilt have need of money."

"I cannot take thy gold, Charmion."

"Yea, take it. It was Sepa who gave it to me for the furtherance of our Cause, and, therefore, 'tis fitting that thou shouldst spend it. Moreover, if I want it, doubtless Antony, who is henceforth my master, will give me more;

he is much beholden to me, and this well he knows. There, waste not the precious time in haggling o'er the pelf—not yet art thou all a merchant, Harmachis"; and, without more words, she thrust the pieces into the leather bag that hung across my shoulders. Then she made fast the sack containing the spare garments, and, so womanly thoughtful was she, hid therein an alabaster jar of pigment, wherewith I might stain my countenance afresh, and, taking the brodered robes of mine office that I had cast off, hid them in the secret passage. And so at last all was made ready.

"Is it time that I should go?" I asked.

"Not yet a while. Be patient, Harmachis; for but one little hour more must thou endure my presence, and then, perchance, farewell for ever."

I made a gesture signifying that this was no hour for sharp words.

"Forgive me my quick tongue," she said; "but from a salt spring do bitter waters well. Be seated, Harmachis; I have heavier words to speak to thee before thou goest."

"Say on," I answered; "words, however heavy, can move me no more."

She stood before me with folded hands, and the lamp-light shone upon her beautiful face. Idly I noticed how great was its pallor and how wide and dark were the rings about the deep black eyes. Twice she lifted her white face and strove to speak, twice her voice failed her; and when at last it came 'twas in a hoarse whisper.

"I cannot let thee go," she said—"I cannot let thee go unwitting of the truth. Harmachis, 'twas I who did betray thee!"

I sprang to my feet, an oath upon my lips; but she caught me by the hand.

"Oh, be seated," she said—"be seated and hear me; then, when thou hast heard, do unto me as thou wilt. Listen! from that evil moment when, in the presence of thy uncle Sepa, for the second time I set eyes upon thy face, I loved thee—how much, little canst thou guess! Think upon thine own love for Cleopatra, and double it, and double it again, and perchance thou mayst come near to my love's mighty sum. I loved thee, day by day I loved thee more, till in thee and for thee, alone I seemed to live. But thou wast cold—thou wast worse than cold; thou didst deal with me not as a breathing woman, but rather as the instrument to an end—as a tool wherewith to grave thy fortunes. And then I saw—yea, long before thyself thou knewest it—thy heart's tide was setting strong towards that ruinous shore whereon to-day thy life is broken. And at last came that night, that dreadful night when, hid within the chamber, I saw thee cast my kerchief to the winds, and with sweet words cherish my Royal rival's gift. Then—oh, thou knowest, in my pain I betrayed the secret that thou wouldst not see—and thou didst make a mock of me, Harmachis! Oh! the shame of it!—thou in thy foolishness didst make a mock of me! I went thence, and within me were rising all the torments which can tear a woman's heart, for now I was sure that thou didst love Cleopatra! Aye, and so mad was I, even that night was I minded to betray thee: but I thought—not yet, not yet; to-morrow he may soften. Then came the morrow, and all was ready for the bursting of the great plot that should make thee Pharaoh. And I too came—thou dost remember—and again thou didst put me away when I spake to thee in parables, as something of little worth—as a thing too small to claim a moment's weighty thought. And, knowing that this was because—though thou knewest it not—thou didst love Cleopatra, whom now thou must straightway slay, I grew mad, and a wicked spirit entered into me, possessing me utterly, so that no longer was I myself, nor could control myself. And because thou hadst scorned me, this, to my everlasting shame and sorrow I did!—I passed into Cleopatra's presence and betrayed thee and those with thee, and all our holy Cause, saying that I had found a writing which thou hadst let fall and read all this therein."

I gasped and sat silent; and gazing sadly at me she went on—

"When she understood how great was the plot, and how deep its roots, Cleopatra was much troubled; and, at first, she would have fled to Sais or taken ship and run for Cyprus, but I showed her that the ways were barred. Then she said that she would cause thee to be slain, there, in the chamber, and I left her so believing; for, at that hour, fain was I that thou shouldst be slain—aye, even if I wept out my heart upon thy grave. But what said I anon?—vengeance is an arrow that oft falls on him who looses it? So was it with me; for between my going and thy coming she hatched a deeper plan. She feared that to slay thee would but be to light a fiercer fire of revolt; but she saw that to bind thee to her, and having left men a while in doubt, to show thee faithless would strike the imminent danger at its roots and wither it. This plot once formed, being great, she dared its doubtful issue, and—need I go on? Thou knowest, Harmachis, how she won; and thus did the shaft of vengeance that I loosed fall upon my own head. For on the morrow I knew that I had sinned for naught, that on the wretched Paulus had been laid the burden of my betrayal, and that I had but ruined the cause whereto I was sworn and given the man I loved to the arms of wanton Egypt."

She bowed her head a while, and then, as I spake not, once more went on:—

"Let all my sin be told, Harmachis, and then let justice come. See now this thing happened. Half did Cleopatra learn to love thee, and deep in her heart she bethought her of taking thee to wedded husband. For the sake of this half love of hers she spared the lives of those in the plot whom she had meshed, bethinking her that if she wedded thee she might use them and thee to draw the heart of Egypt, which loves not her nor any Ptolemy. And then, once again she entrapped thee, and in thy folly thou didst betray to her the secret of the hidden wealth of Egypt, that to-day she squanders to delight the luxurious Antony; and, of a truth, at that time she purposed to make good her oath and marry thee. But on the very morn when Dellius came for answer she sent for me, and, telling me all—for my wit, above any, she holds at price—demanded of me my judgment whether she should defy Antony and wed thee, or whether she should put the thought away and come to Antony. And I—now mark thou all my sin!—I, in my bitter jealousy, rather than I would see her thy wedded wife and thou her loving lord, counselled her most strictly that she should come to Antony, well knowing—for I had had speech with Dellius—that if she came, this weak Antony would fall like a ripe fruit at her feet, as, indeed, he has fallen. And to-night have I shown thee the issue of the scheme. Antony loves Cleopatra and Cleopatra loves Antony, and thou art robbed, and matters have gone well for me, who of all women on the earth to-night am the wretchedest by far. For when I saw how thy heart broke but now, my heart seemed to break with thine, and no longer could I bear the burden of my evil deeds, but knew that I must tell them and take my punishment."

"And now no more have I to say; save that I thank thee for thy courtesy in hearkening, and this one thing I add. Driven by my great love I have sinned against thee unto death! I have ruined thee, I have ruined Khem, and myself also have I ruined! Let death reward me! Slay thou me, Harmachis!—gladly will I die upon thy sword; aye, and kiss its blade! Slay thou me, and go; for if thou slayest me not, myself will I surely slay!" And she threw herself upon her knees, lifting her fair breast toward me, that I might smite her with my dagger. And, in my bitter fury, minded was I to strike; for, above all, I thought how, when I was fallen, this woman who herself was my cause of shame, had scourged me with her whip of scorn. But hard is it to slay a fair woman; and even as I lifted my hand to strike, I remembered that now twice had she saved my life.

"Woman! thou shameless woman!" I said, "arise! I slay thee not! Who am I, that I should judge thy crime, that, with mine own, do overtop all earthly judgment?"

"Slay me, Harmachis!" she moaned; "slay me, or I slay myself! My burden is too great for me to bear! Be not so deadly calm! Curse me, and slay!"

"What was it that thou didst say to me anon, Charmion—that as I had sown so must I reap? It is not lawful that thou shouldst slay thyself; it is not lawful that I, thine equal in sin, should slay thee, because through thee I sinned. As thou hast sown, Charmion, so must thou also reap. Base woman! whose cruel jealousy hath brought all these woes on me and Egypt, live—live on, and from year to year pluck the bitter fruit of crime! Haunted be thy sleep by visions of thy dim Amenti! Haunted be thy days by memories of that man whom thy fierce love did bring to shame and ruin, and by the sight of Khem a prey to the insatiate Cleopatra and a slave to Roman Antony."

"Oh, speak not thus, Harmachis! More sharp are thy words than any sword; and more surely, if more slowly, shall they slay! Listen, Harmachis," and she grasped my robe: "when thou wast great, and all power lay within thy grasp, thou didst reject me. Wilt reject me now that Cleopatra hath cast thee from her—now that thou art poor and shamed and with no pillow to thy head? Still am I fair, and still I worship thee! Let me fly with thee, and make atonement by my lifelong love. Or, if this be too great a thing to ask, let me be but as thy sister and thy servant—thy very slave, so that I may still look upon thy face, and share thy trouble and minister to thee. O Harmachis, let me but come and I will brave all things and endure all things, and naught but Death himself shall shear me from thy side. For I do believe that the love that sank me to so low a depth, dragging thee with me, can yet lift me to an equal height, and thee with me!"

"Wouldst tempt me to fresh sin, woman? And dost thou think, Charmion, that in some hovel where I must hide, I could bear, day by day, to look upon thy fair face, and seeing, remember that those lips betrayed me? Not thus easily shalt thou atone! This even now I know: many and heavy shall be thy lonely days of penance! Perchance that hour of vengeance yet may come, and perchance thou shalt live to play thy part in it. In the Court of Cleopatra must thou still abide; and, while thou art there, if yet I live, I will from time to time find means to give thee tidings. Perchance a day may dawn when once more I shall need thy service. Now, swear that, in this event, thou wilt not fail me a second time."

"I swear, Harmachis!—I swear! May everlasting torments, too hideous to be dreamed—more hideous even, by far, than those that wring me now—be my portion if I fail thee in one jot or tittle—aye, even though I wait a lifetime for thy word!"

"'Tis well; see that thou keep the oath—not twice may we betray. I go to work out my fate; abide thou to work out thine. Perchance our divers threads will once more mingle ere the web be spun. Charmion, who unasked didst love me—and who, prompted by that gentle love of thine, didst betray and ruin me—fare thee well!"

Wildly she gazed upon me—she stretched out her arms as though to clasp me; and then, in the agony of her despair, cast herself at length and grovelled upon the ground.

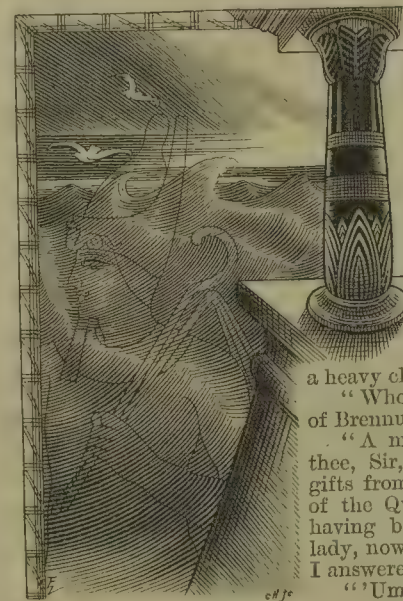
I took up the sack of clothing and the staff and gained the door and, as I passed through, one last glance I cast upon her. There she lay, with arms outstretched—more white than her white robes—her dark hair streaming down her and her fair brows hidden in the dust.

And thus I left her; nor did I again set my eyes upon her till nine long years had come and gone.

## PART III.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE ESCAPE OF HARMACHIS FROM TARSUS; OF HIS BEING CAST FORTH AS AN OFFERING TO THE GODS OF THE SEA; OF HIS SOJOURN IN THE ISLE OF CYPRUS; OF HIS RETURN TO ABOUTIN; AND OF THE DEATH OF AMENEMHAT.



made my way down the stair in safety, and presently stood in the courtyard of the great house. It was but an hour from dawn, and none were stirring. The last reveller had drunk his fill, the dancing-girls had ceased their dancing, and silence lay upon the city. I drew near the gate, and was challenged by an officer who stood on guard, wrapped in

a heavy cloak.

"Who passes?" said the voice of Brennus.

"A merchant, may it please thee, Sir, who, having brought gifts from Alexandria to a lady of the Queen's household, and, having been entertained of the lady, now departs to his galley," I answered in a feigned voice.

"Umph!" he growled.

"The ladies of the Queen's household keep their guests late. Well: 'tis a time of festival. The pass-word, Sir Shopkeeper. Without the pass-word, thou must needs return and crave the lady's further hospitality."

"Antony, Sir; and a right good word, too. Ah! I've wandered far, and never saw I so goodly a man and so great a General. And, mark you! Sir, I've travelled far, and seen many Generals."

"Aye," Antony's was the word! And Antony is a good General, in his way—when it is a sober way, and when he cannot find a skirt to follow. I've served with Antony—and against him, too; and know his points. Well, well; he's got an armful now!"

And all this while that he was holding me in talk, the





BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.





DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

*A great wave came and swept me, riding, as it were, upon the spar, past the bulwarks of the galley where the fierce-faced sailors clung to see me drown.*

sentry had been pacing to and fro before the gate. But now he moved a little way, leaving the entrance clear. "Fare thee well, Harmachis, and begone," whispered Brennus, leaning forward and speaking quickly. "Linger not. But at times bethink thee of Brennus who risked his neck to save thine. Farewell, lad, I would that we were sailing north together," and he turned his back upon me and began to hum a tune.

"Farewell, Brennus, thou honest man," I answered, and was gone. And, as long afterwards I heard, when on the morrow the hue and cry was raised because the murderers could not find me, though everywhere they sought me to slay me, Brennus did me a service. For he swore that as he kept his watch alone an hour after midnight he saw me come and stand upon the parapet of the roof, that then I

stretched out my robes and they became wings whereon I floated up to heaven, leaving him astonished. And all those about the Court lent ear unto the history, believing therein, because of the great fame of my magic; and much they wondered what the wonder might portend. The tale also travelled into Egypt, and did much to save my good name among those whom I had betrayed; for the more ignorant among them believed that I acted not of my will, but of the will of the dread Gods, who of their own purpose waited me to heaven. And thus, even to this day, the saying runs that "When Harmachis comes again Egypt shall be free." Only Cleopatra, though she was much afraid, doubted her of the tale, and sent an armed vessel to search for the Syrian merchant, but not to find him, as shall be told.

When I reached the galley whereof Charmion had spoken,

I found her about to sail, and gave the writing to the captain, who conned it, looking on me curiously, but said naught.

So I went aboard, and immediately we dropped swiftly down the river with the current. And having come to the mouth of the river unchallenged, though we passed many vessels, we put out to sea with a strong favouring wind that ere night freshened to a great gale. Then the sailor men, being much afeared, would fain have put about and run for the mouth of the Cydnus once again, but could not because of the wildness of the sea. All that night it blew furiously, and ere dawn our mast was carried away, and we rolled helplessly in the trough of the great waves. But I sat wrapped in a cloak, little heeding; and because I showed no fear the sailors cried out that I was a wizard, and would have cast me into the sea, but the captain would not. At dawn the wind



slackened, but ere noon it once more blew in terrible fury; and at the fourth hour from noon we came in sight of the rocky coast of that cape in the island of Cyprus which is called Dinaretum, where is a mountain named Olympus, and thitherwards we drifted swiftly. Then, when the sailors saw the terrible rocks, and how the great waves that smote thereon spouted up in foam, once more they grew much afraid, and cried out in their fear. For, seeing that I still sat unmoved, they swore that I certainly was a wizard, and came to cast me forth as a sacrifice to the Gods of the sea. And this time the captain was over-ruled, and said naught. Therefore, when they came to me I rose and defied them, saying, "Cast me forth, if ye will; but if ye cast me forth ye shall perish."

For in my heart I cared little, having no more any love of life, but rather a desire to die, though greatly I feared to pass into the presence of my holy Mother Isis. But my weariness and sorrow at the bitterness of my lot overcame even this heavy fear; so that when, being mad as brute beasts, they seized me and, lifting me, hurled me into the raging waters, I did but utter one prayer to Isis and make me ready for death. But it was fated that I should not die; for, when I rose to the surface of the water, I saw floating near to me a spar of wood, whereto I swam and clung. And a great wave came and swept me, riding, as it were, upon the spar, as when a boy I had learned to do in the waters of the Nile, past the bulwarks of the galley where the fierce-faced sailors clung to see me drown. And when they saw me come mounted on the wave, cursing them as I came, and saw, too, that the colour of my face had changed—for the salt water had washed away the pigment, they shrieked with fear and cast themselves down upon the deck. And within a very little while, as I rode toward the rocky coast, a great wave poured into the vessel, that rolled broadside on, and pressed her down into the deep, whence no more she rose.

And so she sank, with all her crew. And in that same storm also sank the galley that Cleopatra had sent to search for the Syrian merchant. Thus were all traces of me lost, and of a surety she believed that I was dead.

But I rode on toward the shore. The wind shrieked and the salt waves lashed my face as, alone with the tempest, I rushed upon my way, while the sea-birds screamed about my head. No fear I felt, but rather a wild uplifting of the heart; and in the stress of my imminent peril the love of life seemed once again to waken. And so I plunged and drifted, now tossed high toward the lowering clouds, now cast into the deep valleys of the sea, till at length the rocky headland loomed before me, and I saw the breakers smite upon the stubborn rocks, and through the screaming of the wind heard the sullen thunder of their fall and the groan of stones sucked seaward from the beach. On! high-throned upon the mane of a mighty billow—fifty cubits beneath me the level of the hissing waters; above me the inky sky! It was done! The spar was torn from me, and, dragged downwards by the weight of the bag of gold and the clinging of my garments, struggling furiously, I sank.

Now I was under—the light for a moment streamed green through the waters, and then came darkness, and on the darkness pictures of the past. Picture after picture—all the long scene of life was written here. Then in my ears I heard only the song of the nightingale, the murmur of the summer sea, and the music of Cleopatra's laugh of victory, following me softly and yet more soft as I sank away to sleep.

Once more my life came back, and with it a sense of deadly sickness and of aching pain. I opened my eyes and saw kindly faces bending over me, and knew that I was in the room of a builded house.

"How came I hither?" I asked faintly.

"Of a truth, Poseidon brought thee, Stranger," answered a rough voice in barbarous Greek; "for we found thee cast high upon the beach like a dead dolphin and brought thee to our house, for we are fisher-folk. And here methinks must thou lie a while, for thy left leg is broken by the force of the waves."

I strove to move my foot and could not. It was true, the bone was broken above the knee.

"Who art thou, and how art thou named?" asked the rough-bearded sailor.

"I am an Egyptian traveller whose ship hath sunk in the fury of the gale, and Olympus am I named," I answered, for Olympus these people called a mountain that we had sighted, and therefore I took the name at hazard. And as Olympus henceforth was I known.

Here with these rough fisher-folk did I abide for the half of a year, paying them a little out of the sum of gold that had come safely ashore upon me. For long was it before my bones grew together again, and then was I left somewhat of a cripple; for I who had been so tall and straight and strong now limped—one limb being shorter than the other. And after I recovered from my hurt, still I lived there, and toiled with them at the trade of fishing; for whether I should go or what I should do that I knew not, and, for a while, fain was I to become a peasant fisherman, and so wear my weary life away. And these people entreated me kindly, though, as others, they feared me much, holding me to be a wizard brought hither by the sea. For methinks that my sorrows had stamped so strange an aspect on my face that men gazing thereon grew fearful of what lay beneath its calm.

There then I abode, till at length one night as I lay and strove to sleep, great restlessness came upon me, and a mighty desire once more to see the broad face of Sihor. But whether this desire was of the Gods or born of my own heart, not knowing I cannot tell. So strong was it, at the least, that before it was dawn I rose from my bed of straw and clothed myself in my fisher garb, and, because I had no wish to answer questions, thus I took farewell of my humble hosts. First on the well-cleaned table of wood I placed some pieces of gold, and then taking a pot of flour I strewed it in the form of letters, writing—

"This gift from Olympus, the Egyptian, who returns into the sea."

Then I went, and on the third day I came to the great city of Salamis, that is also on the sea. Here I abode in the fishermen's quarters till a vessel was about to sail for Alexandria, and to the captain of this vessel, a man of Paphos, I hired myself as a sailor. We sailed with a favouring wind, and on the fifth day I came once again to Alexandria, that hateful city, and saw the light glancing on its golden domes.

Here might I not abide. So once again I hired myself out as a sailor, giving my labour in return for passage, and we passed up the Nile. And from the talk of men I learned that Cleopatra had come back to Alexandria, drawing Antony with her, and that together they lived in Royal state in the palace on the Lochias. Indeed, the boatmen already had a song thereon, which they sang as they laboured at the oar. Also I heard how the galley that was sent to search for the vessel which carried the Syrian merchant had foundered with all her crew, and the tale that the Queen's astronomer, Harmachis, had flown to heaven from the roof of the house at Tarsus. And the sailors wondered because I sat and laboured, and would not sing their ribald song of the loves of Cleopatra.

For they, too, began to fear me, and mutter concerning me among themselves. Then I knew that I was a man accursed and set apart—a man whom none might love.

On the sixth day we drew nigh to Abouthis, where I left the craft, and right glad were the sailors to see me go. And, with a breaking heart, I walked through the fertile fields, seeing faces that well I knew. But in my rough disguise and limping gait none knew me. At length I came, as the sun sank, near to the great outer pylon of the Temple; and here I crouched down in the ruins of a house, not knowing wherefore I had come or what I was about to do. Like a lost ox I had strayed from far, back to the fields of my birth, and for what? If my father, Amenemhat, still lived, surely he would turn his face from me? I dared not go into the presence of my father. I sat hidden there among the broken rafters, and idly watched the pylon gates, to see if perchance a face I knew should issue forth. But none came forth or entered in, though the great gates stood wide; and then I saw that herbs were growing twixt the stones, where no herbs had grown for ages. What could this be? Was the Temple deserted? Nay; how could the worship of the eternal Gods have ceased that for thousands of years had, day by day, been offered in the holy place? Was, then, my father dead? It well might be. And yet, why this silence? where were the priests? where the worshippers? No more could I bear the doubt, but as the sun sank red I crept like a hunted jackal through the open gates, and on till I reached the first great Hall of Pillars. Here I paused and gazed around me—not a sight, not a sound in the dim and holy place! On with a beating heart I went to the second great hall, the hall of six-and-thirty pillars, where I had been crowned Lord of all the Lands: still not a sight or a sound! Thence, half fearful of my own footfall, so terribly did it echo in the silence of the deserted Halls, I passed down the passage of the names of the Pharaohs towards my father's chamber. There still swung the curtain over the doorway: but what would there be within?—also emptiness? I lifted it, and noiselessly passed in, and there in his carved chair at the table whereon his long white beard flowed down, sat my father, Amenemhat, clad in his priestly robes. At first I thought that he was dead, so still he sat; but at length he turned his head, and I saw that his orbs were white and sightless. He was blind, and his face was thin as the face of a dead man, and woeful with age and grief.

I stood still and felt the blind eyes wandering over me. I could not speak to him—I dared not speak to him; I would go and hide myself afresh.

Already had I turned and grasped the curtain when, in a deep slow voice, my father spoke:

"Come hither, thou who wast my son and art a traitor. Come thither, thou Harmachis, whereon Khem builded up her hope. Not in vain, then, have I drawn thee from far away! Not in vain have I held my life in me till I heard thy footfall creeping down these empty Halls, like the footfall of a thief!"

"Oh! my father," I gasped, astonished. "Thou art blind: how knowest thou me?"

"How do I know thee!—and askest thou that who hast learned of our lore? Enough, I know thee and I brought thee hither. Would, Harmachis, that I knew thee not! would that I had been blasted of the Invisible ere I drew thee down from the womb of Nout, to be my curse and shame, and the last woe of Khem!"

"Oh, speak not thus!" I moaned; "is not my burden already more than I can bear? Am I not myself betrayed and utterly outcast? Be pitiful, my father!"

"Be pitiful!—be pitiful to thee who hath shown so great pity? Thy pity 'twas which gave up noble Sepa to die beneath the hands of the tormentors!"

"Oh, not that—not that!" I cried.

"Aye, traitor, that!—to die in agony, with his last poor breath proclaiming thee, his murderer, honest and innocent! Be pitiful to thee, who gavest all the flower of Khem as the price of a wanton's arms!—thinkest thou that, labouring in the darkness desert mines, those noble ones in thought are pitiful to thee, Harmachis? Be pitiful to thee, by whom this holy Temple of Abouthis hath been ravaged, its lands seized, its priests scattered, and I alone, old and withered, left to count out its ruin!—to thee, who hath poured the treasures of Herinto thy leman's lap, who hath forsworn thyself, thy country, thy birthright, and thy Gods! Yea, thus am I pitiful:—Accursed be thou, fruit of my loins!—Shame be thy portion! Agony thy end! and Hell receive thee at the last! Where art thou? Yea, I grew blind with weeping when I heard the truth—sure, they strove to hide it from me. Let me find thee that I may spit upon thee, thou Renegade! thou Apostate! thou Outcast!"—and he rose from his seat and staggered like a living wrath toward me, smiting the air with his wand. And as he came with outstretched arms, awful to see, suddenly his end found him, and with a cry he sank down upon the ground, the red blood streaming from his lips. I ran to him and lifted him; and as he died, he babbled—

"He was my son, a bright-eyed, lovely boy, and full of promise as the spring; and now—and now—oh, would that he were dead!"

Then came a pause, and the breath rattled in his throat.

"Harmachis," he gasped, "art there?"

"Yea, father."

"Harmachis, atone!—atone! Vengeance can still be wreaked—forgiveness may still be won. There 's gold; I've hidden it—Atoua—she can tell thee—ah, this pain! Farewell!"

And he struggled faintly in my arms and was dead. Thus, then, did I and my holy father, the Prince Amenemhat, meet together for the last time in the flesh, and for the last time part.

(To be continued.)

The Edinburgh City Council having resolved to bestow the freedom of the city upon Mr. Parnell, the question, "Do you wish Mr. Parnell to receive the honour of the freedom of the City of Edinburgh?" has been put to every voter in the city, male and female; and the result is that 3197 answer "Yes," and 17,808 "No."

A flower service, with unusual musical attractions, was held at St. George's Chapel, Albemarle-street, on Sunday, May 5, when the Rev. Edward Ker Gray (Incumbent) preached the sermon, and Madame Belle Cole sang the anthem solo. At half-past six the orchestra of the Royal College of Music gave their services, under the conductorship of Mr. Frederick Cliffe, by leave of Sir George Grove.

There was a great gathering of Keble men on St. Mark's Day (the gaudy) to do honour to the old Warden, Dr. Talbot, the Vicar of Leeds. A testimonial of a handsome silver candelabrum, with £800 for a college prize, was presented to him. The Sub-Warden (Mr. Lock) and Mr. Mackenzie, the new head-master of Lancing, made the presentation, and the ex-Warden replied in very feeling terms. Mrs. Talbot, always a great favourite with Keble men, came in for her share of eulogy. Dr. and Mrs. Talbot, the Master of Selwyn, Lord Beauchamp, and others of the council were staying at the Warden's lodgings, and there seems a complete solidarity between the new and the old régime.

## MR. CARL ROSA.

By the recent death of Mr. Carl Rosa—after a very brief illness, and at a comparatively early age—a great and sudden shock was caused to very many persons, in various quarters of the world; his celebrity in association with operatic matters having been widely spread. Mr. Rosa was born, at Hamburg, in 1843, and studied music, especially the violin, at an early age, having played a concerto in public when only some seven years old. After a tour in England, Scotland, Denmark, and Germany, he became a student at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and was a fellow-pupil with several who afterwards gained celebrity, among them Sir Arthur Sullivan, Walter Bache, and Messrs. Danureuther, F. Taylor, and J. F. Barnett. The name of the deceased musician was properly Rose; but was changed by him, on his becoming a naturalised British subject, into Rosa, to avoid the English mispronunciation of his patronymic. In 1866, Mr. Rosa came to London and played, as a soloist, at the Crystal Palace; and soon afterwards he was engaged for the American concert tour of Madame Parepa, whom he married in 1867. The two artists carried on a successful season of the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company in America; the lamented death of Madame Parepa-Rosa having occurred in 1874, and terminated their proposed joint schemes. A scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music was founded by Mr. Rosa in remembrance of his wife. In accordance with her wish, he devoted himself to the promotion of performances of operas in English in this country, and began, in 1875, a career which was energetically continued until the time of his death, among his latest achievements having been his production of English versions of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" and "L'Etoile du Nord," and Halévy's "La Juive."

The company formed by him, and known in association with his name, brought forward some excellent artists, who appeared in the adaptations of foreign operas, in original English works specially commissioned by Mr. Rosa, and in previously known operas. To him we owe the first English versions of Wagner's "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "Der fliegende Holländer" ("The Flying Dutchman") and Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées" ("The Water-Carrier"), not to mention other works of less importance; and the original English operas included Dr. Mackenzie's "Colomba," "The Troubadour," Professor Stanford's "The Canterbury Pilgrims," Mr. Corder's "Nordica," Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda," and "Nadeshda." Repetitions of popular English operas of past dates were also given with an efficiency—especially as to orchestral and choral details—scarcely before realised. Some of our principal theatres—her Majesty's, the Princess's, the Lyceum, and the Adelphi—have been occupied by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and recently, Mr. Rosa established himself at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool; where, and in various other provincial localities, the performances organised by him have been given with great success. Not long ago, the Carl Rosa establishment was enrolled as a company, limited; and quite lately (as we have already said), Mr. Augustus Harris became associated with the concern.

The late Mr. Rosa was an excellent conductor, his early practical knowledge as an executive musician, and his unremitting attention to all the details of stage performances, having combined to render him a director of rare qualifications. His untimely death has precluded his personal superintendence of several important productions which he had in contemplation, but which will doubtless be carried out by the active agencies which were associated with him.

## ART MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington the bound volume of "Artistic Japan," the monthly parts of which have been mentioned in this Journal from time to time. The book is perfectly got up, and its beauties are seen to a far greater advantage in this complete form than in the separate parts, charming as they were. The compiler, Mr. S. Bing, is much to be congratulated on the success of his efforts to introduce to the public at large some of the masterpieces of a great artistic race.

The *Magazine of Art* for May opens with an account by M. S. Taylor of the celebrated Italian painter, Hermann Corrodi, illustrated with engravings of that artist's pictures: "Current Art at the Royal Academy," by the Editor, treats of that part of the year's work of Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John E. Millais, and Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., to be seen in the approaching exhibition at Burlington House. The studies for the president's "Sibyll" and his "Girls Playing at Ball," and an engraving of Mr. Watts's picture, "The Habit does not make the Monk," illustrate this very interesting paper. Mr. Richard Heath contributes an article on male attire in the time of Hogarth; and Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., one, entitled "Old Arts and Modern Thoughts." A photograph, after "A Study," by Sir Frederick Leighton, forms the frontispiece to this issue.

*Art and Literature* contains a phototype after a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry of Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., R.A., with a monograph by Mr. Robert Walker on the great painter; it is also accompanied by a mezzograph of his portrait of Lord Salisbury. Mr. William J. Anderson continues his paper on "Renaissance Architecture in Italy," and Mr. David MacGibbon contributes an article on "Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe."

We have received the ninth number of the *Salon*, a recent review of art, fashion, music, and the drama. The illustrations are engravings after *genre* paintings, for the most part of the German school, of which the best is "An Outdoor Service in Finland," by A. Edelfelt.

Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., and Mr. Fred. A. Eaton, Secretary of the Royal Academy, collaborate in an interesting paper in the May number of the *Art Journal*, on the Royal Academy of the last century; and Miss Alice Meynell continues her notes on Newlyn and the little art-colony settled there. Mr. C. Whibley contributes an account of the Bavarian caricaturist, Adolf Oberländer, illustrated with some amusing examples of the artist's work; the fancy sketch of a vegetarian is particularly good. An etching by Macbeth Raeburn, from the picture by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., "The Lady of Shalott," forms the frontispiece.

"Our Celebrities" in the May number of that publication, are Professor Huxley, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. Henry Irving; and besides the excellence of the photographs, the fact that the first-named gentleman has been prevailed upon to write himself the brief monograph attached to his portrait, will inevitably ensure it attention.

The anniversary dinner of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers was held on May 3 at the Criterion Restaurant—the president, Mr. C. Cochran, occupying the chair.

Sir Henry Ponsonby has informed Canon Proctor, as honorary secretary of the North Woolwich Gardens Acquisition Fund, that her Majesty will give £50 towards the scheme for converting those gardens into a public park for "London over the border."



## LOSS OF AN EMIGRANT STEAM-SHIP.

The rescue of the passengers and crew, eight hundred in number, of the Danish steam-ship *Danmark*, when in a sinking condition in mid-Atlantic, is a happy contrast to the terrible ocean calamities of late years. The *Danmark*, which belonged to the Thingvalla Steam-Ship Company, left Copenhagen for New York towards the end of April, with emigrants, mostly of the poorer class, calling at Malmö, in Sweden, and at Christiania and Christiansand, in Norway, where more Scandinavian emigrants were taken on board. On May 4, when about eight hundred miles from Newfoundland, the screw-shaft broke; the vessel was disabled, and sustained injuries that made it impossible to keep her afloat. Happily, next day she fell in with the steamer *Missouri*, Captain Murrell, of London, bound for Philadelphia with a general cargo. Captain Murrell took the disabled steamer in tow; but on the morning of the 6th the *Danmark* began to sink. After throwing overboard part of her cargo, the *Missouri* then took the passengers and crew of the *Danmark* on board, and made for the Azores, where they arrived safely. The *Missouri* proceeded to her destination with 340 of the rescued, whilst some returned to Europe, the remainder were ultimately conveyed to New York in the Hamburg steamer *Wieland*. The King of Denmark has conferred the Order of the Dannebrog on Captain Murrell; and the Humane Society at Philadelphia, and the Maryland Grand Lodge of Freemasons, have presented him with gold medals. He is son of Mr. F. Murrell, marine surveyor, of Cardiff.



CAPTAIN HAMILTON MURRELL, STEAMER MISSOURI,  
WHO RESCUED THE CREW AND PASSENGERS OF THE *DANMARK*.

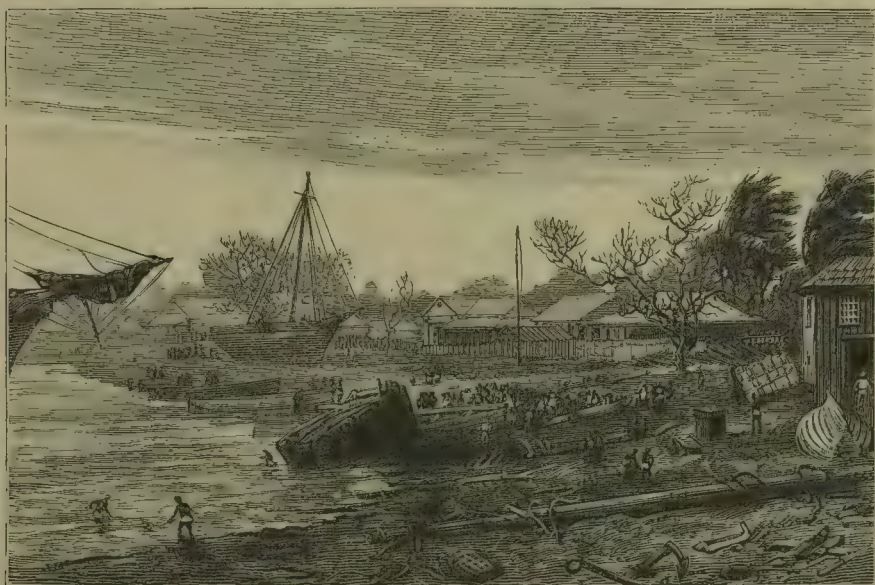
The *Danmark* was built by Messrs. Mitchell and Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1880, for M. Theodor Engel, of Antwerp, and was launched under the name of the *Jan Breydel*. Last year, when the unfortunate collision of two of the Thingvalla liners, the *Thingvalla* and *Gejser*, caused the loss of the latter off Sandy Hook bar, the company selected the *Jan Breydel* out of one hundred steamers offered, and gave her the name *Danmark*.

## THE HURRICANE IN THE SAMOA ISLANDS.

We are indebted to Lieutenant Henry G. Monckton, gunnery-Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Calliope*, for a sketch of the perilous condition of the German and American ships of war, and of the *Calliope* herself, at half-past nine in the morning of March 16, during the tremendous hurricane in the Bay of Apia, Samoa Islands. The German gun-boats *Adler* and *Eber*, the corvette *Olga*, and the American corvettes *Vandalia* and *Trenton*, with the war-sloop *Nipsic*, were shipwrecked, and nearly a hundred and fifty of the crews and officers were drowned; while the *Calliope*, the only British ship there, was skilfully got out of the bay, narrowly escaping the dangerous coral-reefs, by the good seamanship of Captain Kane and those serving under him. Besides the disasters to the foreign naval squadrons, the German merchant barque *Peter Godeffroy* and seven coasting-vessels were wrecked in the bay; and our illustrations show the various incidents of the scene of destruction. These photographs were sent us by Mr. Henry Brett, proprietor of the *Evening Star*, Auckland, New Zealand.



THE DANISH EMIGRANT STEAM-SHIP *DANMARK*, FOUNDERED IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.



PART OF THE TOWN OF APIA, WITH AMERICAN CONSULATE: SHORE STREWED WITH WRECKAGE.



WRECK OF THE *VANDALIA* AND *OLGA*, AMERICAN AND GERMAN WAR-SHIPS.



WRECK OF THE GERMAN WAR-SHIP *ADLER*.



PROW OF GERMAN WAR-SHIP *EBER* ON BEACH.

THE HURRICANE IN THE BAY OF APIA, SAMOA ISLANDS, PACIFIC OCEAN.



Heavy surf on Coral Reef.

U.S.S. Vandalia.

German War-Ship Olga. U.S.S. Nihoa, grounded.

German War-Ship Adler.



U.S.S. Trenton, sinking.

H.M.S. Calliope, making for the open sea.

Wrecked Schooner on Coral Reef.

German Barge.

# THE HURRICANE AT SAMOA ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 16

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT MONCKTON, OF H.M.S. CALLIOPE.



## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

## SECOND NOTICE.

We have already expressed the general feeling created by the present year's exhibition; and, if we pass on to the consideration of the several pictures which cover the walls, we find but little reason to modify our former verdict. Amongst the painters of portraits—putting aside Sir John Millais—Mr. Pettie and Mr. J. J. Shannon occupy foremost places. Of the former's achievements, the three-quarter seated figure of Mrs. Coatts (75) may be characteristic, but it is painfully stiff, and altogether wanting in that soft dignity of age which Mr. Richmond has so frequently infused into his portraits of elderly ladies. In dealing with Mr. Rider Haggard (3), Mr. Pettie seems to have fallen into the opposite extreme of representing the popular novelist as a simpering man of fashion. On the other hand, we are ready to admit that the same artist has seldom arrived at a higher level of sweetness and grace than he has achieved in his "Study of a Head" (23), in which the direct influence of Reynolds is clearly traceable, interpreted by a sympathetic follower, who, nevertheless, has character and style of his own. Mr. J. J. Shannon has also three pictures, all of them clever; but all aiming more at producing effect than at conveying the likeness. The Marchioness of Granby (17), at the foot of the darkened staircase; Mrs. Tower (81), in her sea of lavender muslin; and even Miss Jean Graham (206), the simplest, and, to our minds, the best of the three, are wanting in those requirements of portraiture to which the traditions of all schools, English and foreign, have accustomed us. In the case of Miss Terry, whom Mr. W. H. Margetson has painted as "Lady Macbeth" (31) in the sleep-walking scene, there is ground for subordinating the person to the character; but, unfortunately, he has hardly overcome the difficulties presented by that powerful impersonation.

Mr. Christian Symons has erred on the side of affected simplicity in his treatment of Mrs. Gilbert Scott (73), which suggests rather a lady's-maid than a lady; whilst under Mr. Arthur Hacker's broader brush, Mrs. R. E. Hoare (97) loses much refinement and grace for want of careful modelling. Her costume, moreover, has something incongruous in the way in which the simple-cut sage-green dress is overwhelmed by the train of elaborate brocade. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's group of "Mrs. Enoch and her Children" (135) is powerfully painted, with rich tones in both flesh and costume; but it seems more suitable for home use than for exhibition, presenting no special features of interest. Mr. John Collier's portrait of Lady Hanson (186) is in some ways the most complete and highly finished work of this kind, and is an admirable instance of the direct style by which effective portraiture can be reached. Amongst the men-portraits those of Mr. F. Villiers (171), by Mr. W. Logsdail; Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield (27), by Miss Ethel Mortlock, are excellent works in their respective styles, the former especially being remarkably vigorous; but we fail to discover in Mr. R. B. Browning's portrait of his father (184), with its hard lines, ungraceful costume, and monotonous colour, the slightest key to the poet's mind and face.

In delicate figure-subjects where taste, rather than inspiration, gives the cue, Mr. Markham Skipworth holds a distinguished place. In his "Effie" (94), "Melody" (43), and, above all, in the pretty face "As in a Looking-Glass" (12), he reaches a high level of daintiness, and one may almost add distinction. In the last-named work, which represents a lady putting the last touch of rouge to cheeks already tempting, he is almost French in his sympathy with feminine coquetry, and furnishes to such as would indulge in this harmless way of giving pleasure to others, an excuse against which sermons and lectures would be powerless. To what extreme this art can be pushed, however, may be seen in M. Jan Van Beers' "Le Prie-dieu improvisé" (63)—a little masterpiece of delicate work and improper suggestiveness. "La petite marquise" possibly does find an unexpected defence in the chair behind which she is taking refuge; but we much doubt if she proposes to turn it to the purposes of devotion. Mr. W. R. Symonds' "Child with Silver-Fish" (92), pretty in colour and simple in design, is one of the three good children's figures in the exhibition; but his larger work, "Mignon" (112), in church, surrounded by white roses, with which the high altar is to be decked for the "Mois de Marie," is too complicated in composition and too obscure in design. The child's figure is graceful; but there is a forced staginess about the arrangement of the scene which gives her an air of self-consciousness out of keeping with her age and the place. Mrs. Louise Jopling must, however, be credited with a great success in her study of a child, in fair hair and pink pinafore, busily occupied with the offering of flowers for "Brother's Birthday" (153). A real touch of child-life and sentiment has been caught in this unobtrusive but clever work, and reveals Mrs. Jopling in a different light to that by which she has hitherto shone. Mrs. J. M. Swan's "Pot-au-feu" (160) completes the trio with a prettily-conceived study of a child, in which there is an unforced touch of Nature. In drawing, too, and colour it is excellent, especially in the management of the shadows.

Amongst the larger subject-pictures there is a marked falling off in both numbers and interest. The one picture which seems to suggest imaginative power and higher purpose, Miss E. S. Ford's "Life" (337), is huddled away at the furthest end of the most remote room. Possibly those who are responsible for the hanging of the gallery might have felt that a work which, whatever its technical shortcomings, bore witness to the better and purer aims of art would be out of place beside the "Prie-dieu improvisé" (63) or "Diocletian and his Cabbages" (144). The floating figure which has left the clouds of worldly care behind and is straining upwards towards the unseen rest and glory of another life is full of poetry and thought. Miss Ford's colouring is at present better than her drawing; but it is not difficult to trace in her style and manner the influence of Mr. Burne-Jones. Mr. F. G. Cotman's "Her Ladyship's first Lesson" (29) is a repetition, in slightly varied form, of his many cottage scenes. In this a young child is trying her prentice hand at spinning, whilst her mother in the background looks on with satisfied pleasure. The colour is unnecessarily strong in many parts; but the figure of the cottage-woman who plays the part of instructress is firmly drawn. Mr. T. Graham's "Kismet" (67) would be more effective if his sorcerer did not roll his eyes—after the rule and model of Transpontine melodrama. The contrast with the almost listless unconcern of the girl standing by the fountain is obviously unintentional; but as an instance of bright colour and happy pose the picture is not without its merit; we can, however, scarcely give the same praise to the same artist's "Portrait of an Art Student" (77). To Mr. F. Goodall's "Pets of the Harem" (90) we have already made allusion; but are glad to refer again to its harmonious colouring, of which red is the keynote. It well deserves the place of honour in the larger gallery, and overtops by immeasurable distance the pale and meaningless "Pauline" (149) of Mr. Jacob-Hood, which occupies a similar place of honour in the adjoining room.

The stage has had many impersonations of the "Lady of Lyons"; but we can recall few which suggest infirmity

of purpose so completely as the present picture. Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Darby and Joan" (121) has, at all events, the merit of simple purpose, and might be exhibited, from a moral point of view, as the corrective of Mr. Orchardson's "Mariage de Convenience." Here the worthy old couple, in the evening of life, are still able to enjoy the good things of the table, and to pronounce after perhaps fifty years' experience that marriage is not a failure. Is there any covert satire conveyed by the style of the two painters' works? It was a reproach to Mr. Orchardson that his picture was hollow; with equal force it may be said that Mr. Dendy Sadler's is flat. Mr. Yeend King's "Miller and the Maid" (166) is commonplace and even a trifle vulgar in idea, which all the bright painting fails to conceal; but Mr. C. N. Kennedy scores a real success with his "Rest" (182)—two Roman girls, in diaphanous dresses, sleeping at the foot of the marble column of a beautiful temple. Except in the gracefulness of the girls' pose there is nothing new in the arrangement of the accessories; but Mr. Kennedy has the good sense to see that the fashion sets in the direction of archæology, and he shows that he can learn his lesson with as much readiness as others.

The landscapes of the exhibition are perhaps its most satisfactory feature. Professor Legros, in spite of his lengthy sojourn in this country, has not forgotten the tendencies and resources of modern French art as perfected by Corot, Daubigny, and their school. His "Riverside" (18) wrapped in silver haze, will, perhaps, disappoint many who resent the introduction of hard tree-trunks between them and the landscape they are left to imagine. But it is in this very suggestiveness that M. Legros's strength lies. He leads the spectator, as it were, to the true point of view and then leaves him to discover as best he can the secret of Nature. Mr. J. P. Beadle deals with a complex problem of colour in his "Queen's Guard" (190) in their scarlet uniforms against the white snow. There are not many artists who would have ventured to struggle with the difficulties which such a contrast presents, and it must be admitted that he has extricated himself with no little credit to his audacity and his skill. Mr. MacWhirter's "Weird Sisters" (8) is a far less successful experiment, although the painting is one of greater technical skill. We are getting a little weary of this constant adaptation of trunks and trees to human forms—for the weird sisters here are only old trees which throw their gnarled and twisted limbs to the wind. As a scenic decoration for the "blasted heath" with which the story of "Macbeth" opens, Mr. MacWhirter might be more in harmony with conventional ideas than Mr. Keeley Halswelle's rendering (132), where we have the morning fully broken, and the mists only just clinging to the morass through which the chieftains are picking their way. In this picture, and in the still more successful view of "Arundel Castle" (64), the artist has given the bright effects of light, under different conditions of the sun, with skilful boldness, and has succeeded more successfully than is his custom in conveying the idea that the sky and foreground of his work are homogeneous. Mr. George Clausen's "Ploughing" (174) is, as usual with him, broadly painted, with that strong realistic feeling in the figures he has imbibed from the teaching of Bastien-Lepage; whilst his landscape work shows the more direct influence of Millet. The colouring is rather cold; but the drawing of the large grey horse and the attitude of the boy are very successful. Mr. W. J. Hennessy has also undergone a long course of French training and influence; and it is, therefore, not surprising to find in both "Apple Harvest" (177) in Normandy and "The Cuckoo's Note" (155)—a study of hazel coverts in early spring—much of the sentiment which marks the school of Corot.

In conclusion, we may mention as noteworthy pictures, and somewhat beyond the general average of the exhibition, Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Kentish River" (60), Mr. Robert Noble's "Apple-Blossoms" (4), Mr. Ernest Parton's "Silver Woods" (14) and "Sleepy Pool" (74), Mr. J. C. Hook's "Hauling the Spiller" (38), Mr. Edwin Hayes's "Croyde Point" (53), Mr. Colin Hunter's "Fishing Harbour" (62), Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Harvest Moon" (71), Mr. Henry Moore's "Thunderstorm Passing Off" (76), Mr. L. Raven Hill's "Passing Train" (86), Mr. F. Goodall's "Egyptian Landscape" (127), Mr. John R. Reid's "Mussel-Gatherers" (141), Mr. W. Llewellyn's "Twixt Night and Day" (158), Mr. Alfred East's "Gentle Night" (170), and Mr. David Murray's "Oak Farm" (175), with its wet lane and fine old trees.

Among the sculpture Mr. C. B. Birch's fountain design for Sydney, N.S.W. (378), is rather a reproach to our indifference to such decorations to our streets in London; and Mr. J. Nelson Maclean, Mr. George Tinworth, and Mr. J. E. Boehm exhibit groups and busts which are interspersed among the pictures, and will consequently escape observation.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered to contribute £1000 towards a fund now being raised to provide free library buildings in Aberdeen.

Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, Q.C., of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed a Royal Commissioner of Assize on the Northern Circuit at the ensuing Spring Assizes; and he will accompany Mr. Justice Stephen on that circuit.

The consecration of the Rev. Henry H. Montgomery, M.A., Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington, and Rural Dean, as Bishop of Tasmania, took place on May 1, in Westminster Abbey. The consecrating Bishops were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Rochester, Antigua, Moosonee, and Ballarat.

The Registrar-General's quarterly return of marriages, births, and deaths was issued on May 1. The marriage rate in the fourth quarter of 1888 was 15.2 per 1000. With regard to England and Wales, the marriage rate in the quarter ending December was 16.7 per 1000 of the population, or 0.7 below the average for that quarter; the birth rate was 30.9 per 1000, or 3.0 below the mean rate for the quarter in the last ten years, and was lower than any rate recorded in a corresponding quarter since 1838; the death rate was 19.5, or 2.3 below the mean rate in the corresponding periods of the ten years 1879-88, and was lower than that recorded in any winter quarter since the commencement of civil registration, excepting only the first quarter of 1884, when the rate was also 19.5.

At the concluding sitting of the English Presbyterian Synod on May 3 in Regent-square Church the following letter was read from the Archbishop of Canterbury, dated Lambeth Palace, April 10:—"My dear Sir,—I was requested by the Bishops at their first joint meeting after the Lambeth Conference to send, with our united respects to yourself as representing the Presbyterian Church in England, a copy of an Evangelical letter issued by the conference. I would ask you kindly to refer to Resolution 12, which will be found in Page 25, and to the report on Home Reunion at Page 81, and I can assure you that the sentiments there expressed were heartfelt on the part of the whole assembly, and the readiness most real and present. We know that, under whatever diversities of opinion, a true and loving hope of oneness in Christ Jesus is a living power in the hearts of all His people.—Believe me, dear Sir, your faithful servant, EDW. CANTUAR. The Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D., Moderator."

## OBITUARY.

SIR ALAN EDWARD BELLINGHAM, BART.

Sir Alan Edward Bellingham, Bart., of Castle Bellingham, county of Louth, M.A., J.P., and D.L., died at Dunany House, on Good Friday, April 19, in his eighty-ninth year. He was born Oct. 8, 1800, the eldest son of Sir Alan Bellingham, second Baronet, who succeeded to the title (by special remainder) on the death of his uncle, William Bellingham, M.P., some time secretary to William Pitt, on whom it was conferred in 1796. The Bellinghams of Castle Bellingham descend from an old Westmorland family, seated at Levens, near Kendal, in the time of Henry VIII. The venerable Baronet whose death we record served as High Sheriff of his county in 1829. He married, Jan. 12, 1841, Elizabeth, only child of Mr. Henry Clarke, of West Skirbeck House, Lincolnshire, and had, besides five daughters (the eldest married to Sir Thomas Butler, Bart., and the second to Sir Victor Brooke, Bart.), two sons, of whom the elder, now Sir Alan Henry Bellingham, fourth Baronet, M.A., barrister-at-law, born in 1846, M.P. for Louth, 1880 to 1885, married, Jan. 13, 1874, Lady Constance Noel, daughter of the second Earl of Gainsborough, and has two sons and two daughters.

SIR JOHN WALROND WALROND, BART.

Sir John Walrond Walrond, first Baronet, of Bradfield and New Court, in the county of Devon, died, on April 23, at Cannes. He was born March 1, 1818, the only son of Mr. Benjamin Bowden Dickinson, of Knightsayes (who assumed the name of Walrond, in lieu of his patronymic, by Royal license, in 1845), by Frances, his wife, daughter and co-heiress of Mr. William Henry Walrond, of Bradfield (of an old Devonshire family, seated at Bradfield since the reign of Henry II.), and was created a Baronet Feb. 24, 1876. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Devon and a Justice of the Peace for Somerset, and served the office of High Sheriff for the former county in 1874. He represented Tiverton in Parliament as a Conservative from 1865 to 1868, and unsuccessfully contested that borough in 1874 and again in 1880. He married, May 20, 1845, the Hon. Frances Caroline Hood, younger daughter of Samuel, second Lord Bridport, and leaves two sons and five daughters. His elder son, now Sir William Hood Walrond, second Baronet, M.P. for North-East Devon and late Lieutenant-Colonel Grenadier Guards, was a Junior Lord of the Treasury, 1885 to 1886. He married, in 1871, Elizabeth Catherine, only daughter and heiress of the late Mr. James Pitman, of Dunchideoch House, near Devon, and has issue, two sons and two daughters.

MR. BIRCH-REYNARDSON.

Mr. Charles Thomas Samuel Birch-Reynardson, of Holywell Hall, Lincolnshire, J.P. and D.L., died at his seat near Stamford on April 25, aged seventy-eight. He was eldest son of the late General Thomas Birch, who assumed the additional surname and arms of Reynardson at the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Jacob Reynardson, of Holywell Hall, whose eldest daughter, Ethelred, he had married. He served as High Sheriff of Lincolnshire in 1859. He married, first, in 1835, Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Timon Yorke, of Erddig, county Denbigh; and secondly, in 1867, Victoria, daughter of Mr. George Dodwell, of Kevinsfort, county Sligo. By the former he had three daughters (the eldest, Ethelred Anne, was the late Countess of Hopetoun) and one son, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Birch-Reynardson, Grenadier Guards, now of Holywell Hall.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Simon Thomas Adams, M.A., Rector of Great Horwood, Bucks, eldest son of the late Rev. Thomas Coker Adams, Vicar of Ansty, and grandson of Mr. Simon Adams, of Ansty Hall, Warwickshire, on April 24. He was born June 22, 1807, and was for fifty years Rector of Great Horwood.

Robert Stirling Newall, D.O.L., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., J.P., Knight of the Order of the Rose of Brazil, on April 21, at Ferndene, Gateshead-on-Tyne, aged seventy-seven. His name is associated with the invention and manufacture of wire rope. He was twice Mayor of Gateshead.

Judge Bloomfield Gough, on April 26, at Rathronan Manor, Clonmel, aged eighty-eight years. He had been many years in the Bengal Civil Service. He was the father of Major-Generals Sir Hugh and Sir Charles Gough, and brother of General Sir John Gough.

Alice Elizabeth, Dowager Lady Wolseley, on April 25, at Bath. The deceased lady was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Peter Van Homrigh, M.P. for Drogheda, and married, in 1833, Sir Clement Wolseley, fifth Baronet, by whom, who died in 1857, she leaves an only surviving son, Sir Clement James Wolseley, seventh Baronet.

General George Jackson, at Preston, near Brighton, on April 26, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. In 1848-9 he served with distinction in the Punjab Campaign, and in 1851-2 on the Peshawur Frontier under Sir Colin Campbell. In the Mutiny of 1857 he was twice severely wounded. In 1858-9 he was again engaged against the rebels, and in 1859-60 he served under Sir Hugh Rose.

The Rev. Dr. Higgins, Catholic Bishop of Kerry, suddenly, on May 1, at the Palace, Killarney, at the age of sixty years. He was educated at Maynooth College, was ordained Priest in 1851, served as Curate for twenty-one years, and then became Parish Priest of Kilmarragh. He was subsequently made Archdeacon of Kenmare and Tralee, and was consecrated Bishop of Kerry in February, 1882.

Mr. William Wells, of Holme Wood, Peterborough, and 12, North Audley-street, one of the oldest members of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society. As a practical agriculturist, his name will be especially associated with the enormous work he undertook in the draining and reclamation of Witlesea Mere. He represented Beverley in Parliament from 1851 to 1856, and Peterborough from 1868 to 1874. He was formerly an officer in the 1st Life Guards.

Mr. S. C. Lister, in laying the foundation-stone of a hospital for sick children at Bradford, on May 1, contributed £5000 towards the project.

At the general meeting of the National Health Society, held at the Parke's Museum, the chairman, Mr. Ernest Hart, said that it was very satisfactory to notice the large increase of work done by means of simple addresses delivered to the poorer classes in many of the poorest neighbourhoods of London, on subjects such as "How to Keep the Home Healthy," "Cleanliness," &c., which had been very much appreciated, and also by special lectures to educated audiences in drawing-rooms and elsewhere on "Sick Nursing," "Ambulance," and "Hygiene." The society is financially better this year than it has ever been, although fresh funds are still needed, as the scope of the work is enlarged.





CAVE-DWELLINGS OF PRIMEVAL MAN.



DWELLINGS OF THE STONE AGE AND REINDEER EPOCH.



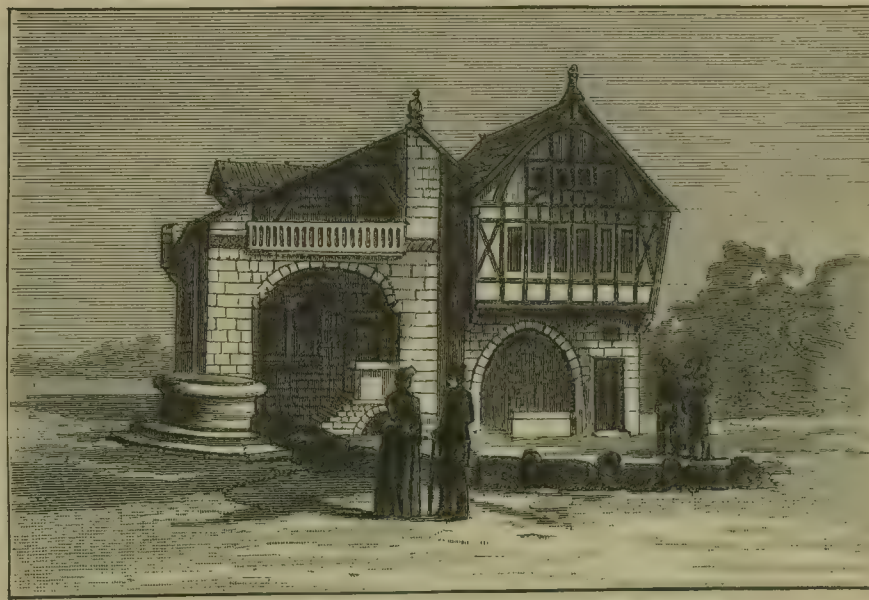
DWELLINGS OF THE GERMANS AND GAULS.



HEBREW DWELLING.



BYZANTINE HOUSE.



ROMANESQUE AND MIDDLE-AGE HOUSES.

## THE PARIS EXHIBITION: MODELS OF HUMAN HABITATIONS IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

To M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the Paris Opera-House, is due one of the most interesting features of the Paris Universal Exhibition. This is the series of buildings illustrating the history of the habitations of the human race, erected in the grounds of the Exhibition, and occupying the whole extent of the frontage of the Champ de Mars facing the river; the miniature houses line the roadway to the right and left of the Pont d'Iéna, from the Avenue La Bourdonnaye to the Avenue Suffren.

The section to the left of the Pont d'Iéna, and commencing close by the panorama of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, is arranged in chronological order. It begins with a reproduction of the caves and holes in the rocks, which afforded, one would think, but scanty shelter and protection from the elements to our earliest ancestor, Primeval Man.

We next come to the huts of the Reindeer Epoch, built of branches and twigs; and the cavernous dwellings of the Stone Age, constructed of gigantic monolithic stones, and roofed over with the rough branches and trunks of trees. A little further on are the curious lake-dwellings of the Age of Bronze, and the mud-hovels of the Age of Iron, which show a step in advance towards more permanent abodes.

The Etruscan House, compared with a more primitive type, the Pelasgic Hut, is one of the most curious buildings of the series. Its big overhanging roof, supported by a wooden verandah, slopes upward towards the centre, where there is an opening, which one can hardly call a chimney, to admit of the escape of smoke. The gloomy interior is lighted only by one or two very small windows.

All the varied forms and peculiarities of the dwellings of the peoples of past times are here represented—from the tall and stiff-looking Hindoo building and the ancient Persian dwelling, with its bright-coloured cupola, to the more gracefully-proportioned Greek house, with its red-tiled roof and its sculptured altar standing in the centre of the courtyard. The habitations of the two dominant races of ancient Palestine, the Phœnicians and the Hebrews, are also reproduced, as well as the rude huts of the early inhabitants of Western Europe, the Germans and the Gauls, and the later more commodious dwellings of the Huns.

On the other side of the broad walk leading from the Pont d'Iéna towards the Eiffel Tower, proceeding towards the Avenue Suffren, the models continue to illustrate the architecture of different countries, but without especial reference to a particular period. The first group to the right comprises three different styles of domestic architecture—the Romanesque, the Middle Age or Mediæval, and the Renaissance, these having many characteristics in common.

Another interesting and little known style of architecture is shown in the Byzantine house, built entirely of stone, with its long, low gallery or verandah on the upper floor, and its pillars surmounted with capitals of various designs.

It would be tedious to give a description of every one of the "Habitations," some being shown in our Illustrations. We need only remark that types of the architecture of the remotest nations of the world are here reproduced, offering the means of comparing the different forms that climate and other causes have produced among the dwellings of various peoples on earth. There is a great interval between the primitive

abode of the red-skinned savages of America, and the massive and highly ornamented houses of the extinct civilised races, the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru.

The Arabian dwelling, with its decorative arches and projecting lattice windows, forms an exceedingly picturesque group, and contrasts in its proportions with the clumsy solidity of the Soudanese architecture.

Norway, Russia, Lapland, China, and Japan, have their separate pavilions decorated after the fashion of their respective countries: those of China and Japan are resplendent with glowing colours and fantastic designs.

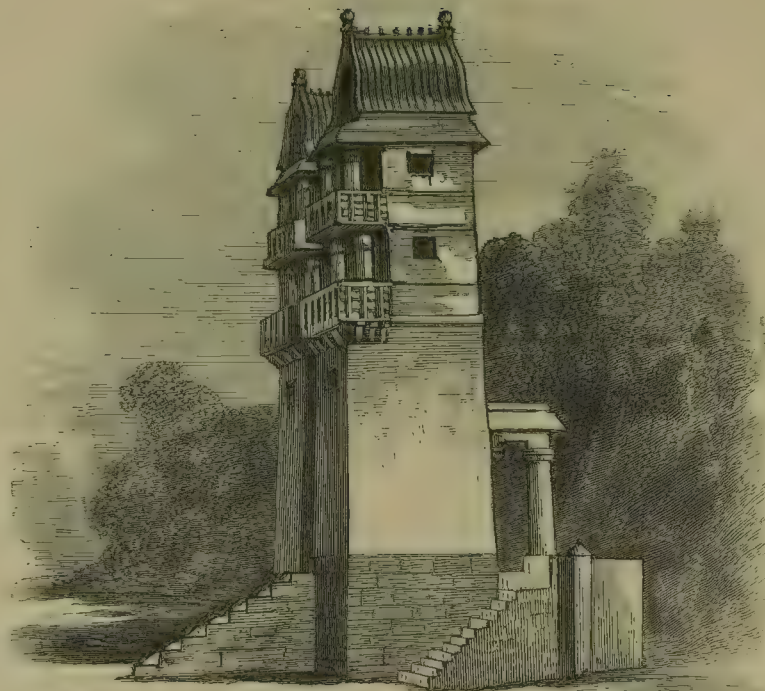
During the Exhibition many of these dwellings will be occupied by people dressed in appropriate costumes and working at different trades. The Roman house, for example, will be inhabited by glassblowers, who will ply their trade in making all sorts of articles in glass from the genuine designs of the ancients. The earliest habitations only, the rock caves and mud huts of prehistoric man, will be left untenanted, the implements and distinctive costume of that early age being considered too scanty or too uncertain to be worth attempting a representation of them.

The eighteenth anniversary festival dinner, in aid of the funds of the United Kingdom Railway Officers' and Servants' Association, took place on May 3 at the Hôtel Métropole. Having pointed out the beneficent character of the institution, the chairman (Mr. T. Nickalls) announced that he had collected funds, both in and outside the Stock Exchange, amounting in the aggregate to £1200. The subscriptions and donations amounted to £3200, including £100 from the chairman.





PRIMITIVE LAKE-DWELLING.



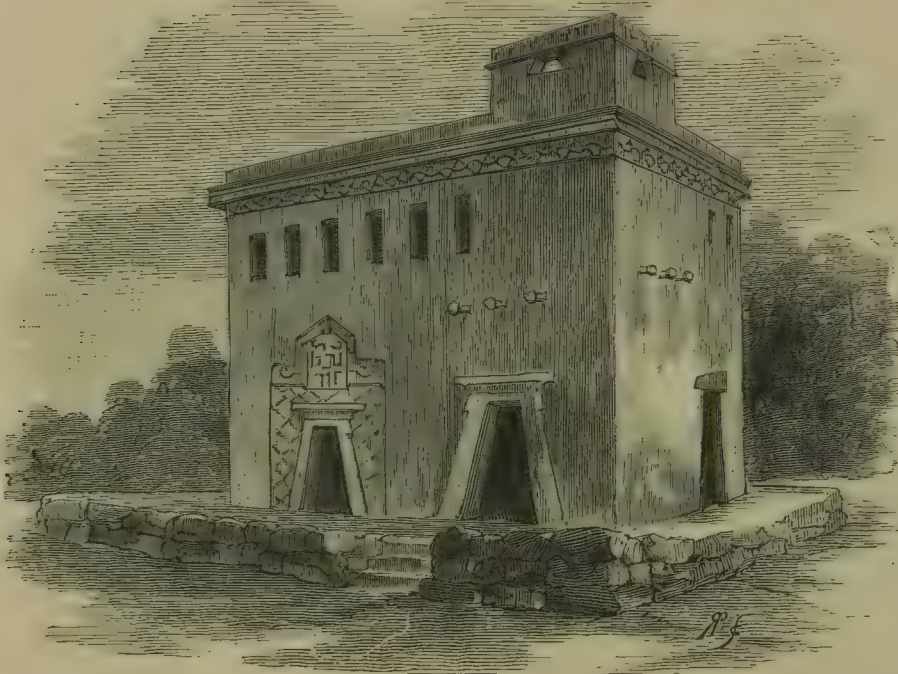
HINDOO DWELLING.



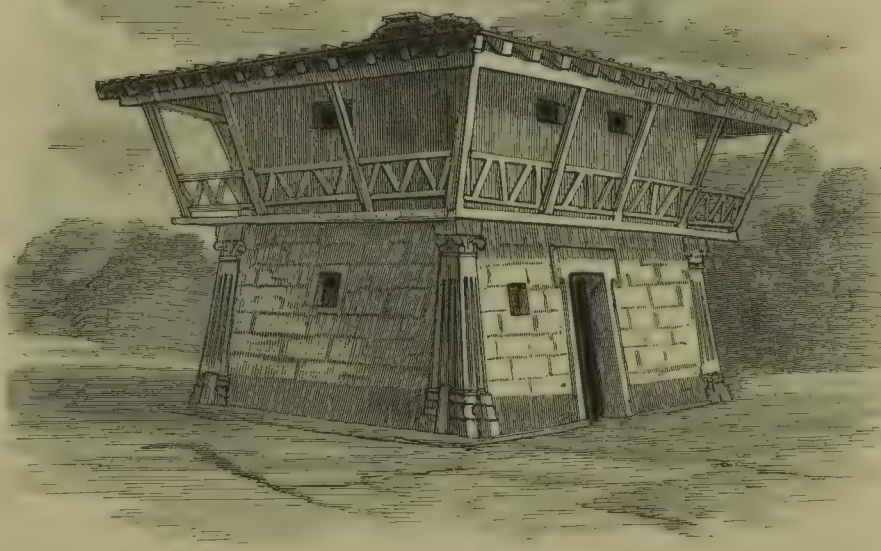
JAPANESE HOUSE.



GREEK HOUSE.



PERUVIAN INCA'S HOUSE.



ETRUSCAN HOUSE.



PERSIAN HOUSE.



EGYPTIAN HOUSE.



## MAY DEW.

In Pepys' ever-delightful "Diary" we read how his wife and her friends walked abroad in the fields, then, on all sides, close to London, to wash their faces in May dew, esteemed to have sovereign influences as a cosmetic. And, indeed, be the belief well founded or not, there is enough in this early May morning to make one credit its value; for sun and breeze and dew, the swirling melody of the river, and the lark's long trills of ecstasy as, "blithesome and cumberless," he mounts higher and higher towards the sky, are enough to bring body and mind into healthful unison without any magic accompaniment. Let us, this morning, try the effect of the May dew: for early rising for once, specially if tempered by a fly-rod, can be delightful on such a fair May morning as this—"the bridal of the earth and sky." Early, indeed, it is; the sun has risen but an hour; but the aspect of the familiar meadows seems something mysteriously beautiful to those who only see them, as a rule, during the familiar hours of daylight. Every blade of grass, every tiny spray in the big double hedgerows sparkles with silver; a sea of dew is around one, on which the sunlight dances in innumerable points of radiance, even as it sparkles on the broad glittering surface of the stream, where the ephemeral insect world is playing and the trout from each favourite bend and corner are rising ravenously at their prey. Far as the eye reaches there seems a crystal tracery enshrining the vegetation—fittest cosmetic for fair faces, and likeliest, indeed, to produce exquisite complexions, seeing how Dame Nature makes air and exercise her hygiene. A delicious stillness is everywhere, save for the carolling of the birds from the neighbouring trees and the murmurous hum of bees in the great clover-field beyond. The very ripple of the river past the sedge-lined banks sounds softer than by day; and the odorous breath of the early "may boughs" can well be said to "take the winds with sweetness." The flowers of one great chestnut that stands amid a colony of oaks are beginning to open; and the honey-suckles trailing and winding amid the luxuriance of the old-fashioned hedges—which, happily, no high farming has here obliterated—are in bloom. On each and all the fairy-like May dew glitters; and, standing in silent admiration of the eye's full feast, one can well imagine Titania and her Court collecting it in lily-bells—which perennially, in the moist depth of the copse behind, are now beginning to open—for their magic rites. As for the broad expanse of pasture, where a myriad of dewdrops are shining on every blade of grass, the cowslip bells are in rich clusters here and there, just waving in the morning air, perfumed by them and the young may with the fragrance which never still or laboratory could equal, even in expertest hands.

And this is an English May morning of gentlest kind—too rare of late years, perhaps, but one which carries us back to the time when, in the sunny warmth and glory of opening flower and waving tree, lad and lass danced round the may-pole as if in Arcadia. Down by the river the strong scent of the white alder-bushes loads the air, and between the gates the hedge shows the guelder-roses' bloom. And everywhere each flower and spray and leaf gleams in the morning dew till one realises what deep contentment, while the world was yet asleep, Izaak Walton could find, standing, even as we are now, in a meadow dappled with blossoms and gazing

on the swift waters of the stream where so many hours of the contemplative man's recreation have been enjoyed. For in the solitude of the fields in these first fragrant, musical, dreamy hours lies their charm. Looking and listening in wrapt contemplation, be it for briefest space, of Nature in her beauty, one can understand the spirit of Wordsworth when, gazing on it, he wrote of a spring morning which was full of everything rejoicing—save humanity—

Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?

And, indeed, man, who "marks the earth with ruin," is a figure unneeded here at this moment. Under the wood the pheasants are strutting in gorgeous pride, as if they knew that the month protected them, and their nests hard by, wherein the olive-

but rather intensifies, the chorus of "native wood-notes wild" that are in richest profusion echoing from every side.

Even an enthusiastic fly-fisher may be fascinated by such sights and sounds into forgetting, for the time, his chief design in this early expedition. But as the increasing splash and circling of the water where the current runs swiftest over the gravel below shows how the trout are on the feed, one's dominant passion reasserts itself, and, "brushing with hasty steps the dew away," we cross the mead riverwards. Still dew all around, each foot-track marked in the sparkling moist grass until we stand by the reeds, which sigh as musically this morning as when Pan—as Mrs. Barrett Browning sings—was slashing among them to make the pipes which sounded "piercing sweet by the river." But just then a big fish, sailing

from under the opposite willows and rising majestically at the eddy in mid-stream, puts our poetical dreams to flight, and rouses the angler's instinct anew. For, delightful as are the voices of birds, the hum of insects, and the musical swirl of the stream with the "unnumbered smiles" of its ripples in the morning sunlight, there is one sound which to the true descendant of Izaak Walton transcends them all, and that is the plash of the greedy trout darting upwards at the fly. Yet the fisherman's eye, be he of the true breed, will yet feast full on the surroundings of his sport, all joys for ever. The may-flies twine in mazy wanderings over the water, the dusky-winged alder-flies flit near the bank where the bushes shadow the swift stream, and midway the dragon-flies shoot backwards and forwards—for they possess the curious power of imitating a steamer in retrograding—as we fit the rod together and put on our own imitations of the winged creatures around us. The breeze ruffles the water just sufficiently, and the line stretches out, the flies dropping on a floating leaf and rolling off on the current. Ere long success is likely under the bank opposite, where lies the finest fish. So, casting the line, we remain, and wait on Fortune; be she bad or good the scene and hour will be enough to fill us with enjoyment of May, which—

Decks the green hedge  
and dewy grass unshorn  
With cowslips pale and  
many a whitening  
thorn.

The coming of age of Lord Ash-town was celebrated on May 1 at his county Waterford estate at Glenahiry, where the tenantry presented an address of congratulation.

A dinner festival of the Samaritan Free Hospital, for women and children, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, took place on May 1 at the Hôtel Métropole—Lord Charles Beresford presiding. As regards the "building fund" of the institution, it appears that a suitable freehold property has been secured in the Marylebone-road. The site cost £12,500, which has already been subscribed, the balance of £5500 having still to be raised. The committee have decided to erect at once a portion of the building, which will cost about £12,000 and provide sixty-three beds for patients. Statistics show that a very large number of cases have been successfully treated, and that the benefits afforded to women suffering from special complaints have recently increased. Excellent work has, it is stated, also been done on behalf of children in the limited space which the committee can devote to children's wards. The financial result of the festival, as announced by the secretary (Mr. George Scudamore), was a contribution of about £5000 to the funds of the hospital, including a donation of £1000 from Mr. John S. Morgan.



"SPRING FLOWERS."—BY H. SCHMIECHEN.

hued eggs are so matched by Nature's protective resemblance to the oak-leaf lining. From the slumberous stillness of the thick oaks, exquisitely green in their new spring robes, comes now and then the screech of a jay, as the gaily-hued bird sweeps in and out of the boughs. The very songbirds seem bolder this serene morning, from the blackbird whistling from the holly that towers in mid-hedge to the little-noticed sedge-bird clinging to the reeds on the river-bank, and warbling therein in soft, unfamiliar tones, though in the stilly night it most loves to sing. In dreamy distance sounds the cuckoo's call across wood and field; and high over all, and unceasing through all other varying notes, still pour the pure raptures of the skylarks, mounting from the grass in eager emulation, and filling the whole air with song. From the ancient elms which heard the firing at Sedgemoor the clanging "caw" of the busy, sagacious rook comes cheerily on the ear, nor jars with,



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE MANATEE.

Lately the gardens of the London Zoological Society received an important addition to their stock of natural history wonders in the shape of a manatee. Residents in the metropolis may remember that some years ago a specimen of the manatee was exhibited in the Westminster Aquarium, and attracted notice from the idea that the mermaid of fiction was to be seen represented in the flesh in the manatee's tank. If anyone visited the animal under the delusion that he would witness the actual reproduction of the mermaid myth, grave disappointment unquestionably awaited the investigator. For there is certainly nothing captivating in the appearance of the manatee. It is a bulky animal, possessing a body which may be compared in respect of its shape to a long-drawn-out barrel, tapered to one extremity. The head ends in a somewhat blunt snout, bearing the nostrils. The eyes are small. The body ends in a flattened tail-fin, set, as in the whales, across the body. There are no traces of hind limbs, a feature in which our manatee again shows an agreement with the whales and porpoises; and the front limbs exist in the shape of a pair of paddles or flippers.

The seals, which are often confused with the manatee and its allies, are carnivorous animals: that is to say, they own the dogs, foxes, bears, tiger, and lion as their zoological kith and kin. The manatee, on the other hand, belongs to a much lower group of quadrupeds; for, fishlike as the whales and manatees may be in appearance, it must be borne in mind that they are all true mammals, and, as such, belong to the class which owns man himself as its head. Once upon a time, the manatees—which, by-the-way, are also named "sea-cows"—together with their neighbour, the dugong—and an extinct form, the Rhytina—were classified with the whales. It was thought that the sea-cows and whales were linked together by bonds of natural kind, and popular observations of the two groups might certainly seem to warrant the classification just indicated. But comparative anatomy, which is one of the surest pathways towards a true arrangement of animals, has decided against the classification of the sea-cows with the whales. The two groups exhibit many differences in structure, as they assuredly also show many distinctions in habits; and so the manatee, the dugong, and the rhytina are grouped together in an order by themselves, and are collectively known as the *Sirenia*. The origin of the name—from "siren," a mermaid—brings us back to the question of the part played by the sea-cows in the familiar fiction of the ocean. This fiction, as it happens, is easily enough explained. The sea-cows inhabit the shallow waters of coast lines, and the estuaries of rivers. In such shallow waters they have been noticed to raise themselves in a semi-erect posture—presumably by aid of the tail-fin—and, seen from a distance, the aspect they present undoubtedly bears a close resemblance to the appearance of a human being. Furthermore, these animals possess the habit of holding their young to their breasts by means of their flippers, in much the same fashion as that in which a mother nurses her baby; and this fact doubtless lent its aid in strengthening the myth of the mermaid. On the principle that distance lends enchantment to the view, one may readily conceive how a manatee, possessing a decided resemblance to the "human form divine," should be transmogrified in the yarn of the sailor into the lovely mermaid, "with a comb and a glass in her hand," as the song states.

The Zoological Society of London, it may be noted, received a specimen of the manatee in 1875. This animal only lived for a month; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that its dissection by the late Mr. Garrod placed at the disposal of naturalists a vast fund of information regarding the structure of the sirenia. Dr. Murie, in his turn, added largely to our knowledge of the sea-cows, through his dissection of another specimen, which died on reaching England, about 1872. Later on, in 1879, two manatees lived for some time in the Brighton Aquarium, while mention has already been made of the Westminster specimen. The manatees inhabit the opposing shores of the Atlantic Ocean, being found in the rivers and estuaries of the African and American coasts. The dugong, on the other hand, lives on the shores of the Indian Ocean, and is found also on the Australian coasts. The extinct Rhytina possesses an interesting history of its own. This animal was discovered on Behring's Island by the explorer of that name, and was studied by Steller, who was the naturalist of the expedition. It was a huge, clumsy animal, and, being easily killed, was utilised largely for its flesh by Behring's sailors. The slaughter of the Rhytinas proceeded at such a rate, that the last of them was destroyed in 1768, and only a skeleton or two remain to teach us something about this dead and gone relation of the sea-cows. These animals are all vegetarians. They live on the marine vegetation which fringes the estuaries and coasts they inhabit. They seem invariably to feed below water, and, indeed, appear to rise to the surface only to breathe. One observer, Miss Agnes Crane, who studied the Brighton specimens, writes of them that the manatee does not seem at all at ease out of water, "as he lies apparently oppressed with his own bulk, while he invariably makes off to the deepest corner of his tank directly the water is re-admitted. One point may be regarded as definitely settled. Notwithstanding the predilection they have evinced for land vegetables, they never feed out of water. Food has been repeatedly offered them, but it always remains untouched, although readily devoured when the influx of the water sets the leaves floating on the surface. Although it is possible that the animals can get out of water and remain so for a short period, as they progress so slowly and do not feed out of water it seems as though they must be acquitted of the garden depredations and prolonged wanderings from their native element with which they have been credited."

It is curious to find in certain old records tolerably clear descriptions of the sea-cow. Thus, in the works of Purchas we find a description by one Robert Harcourt (who voyaged to Guiana in 1608) of the manatee. Says Harcourt: "There is also a sea-fish which usually cometh into the fresh waters, especially in the winter and wet season. It is of great esteem amongst us, and we account it halfe flesh, for the bloude of it is warm. It cometh up into the shallow waters in the drowned lands, and feedeth upon grasse and weedes; the Indians name it *coumervo*, and the Spaniards *manati*, but we call it the sea-cow. In taste, it is like beefe, will take salt, and serve to victuall ships"—a point, this last, which was much appreciated, as we have seen, by Behring's crews in the case of the rhytina. Another author, Joseph Acosta, also quoted by Purchas, describes the manatee as "in forme like unto one of those great vessels made of goats'-skins, wherein they use to carry new wine in Median Campom. The head of this beast is like the head of an oxe, and hath in the place of arms two great stumps, wherewith he swimmeth"; but our author adds that "it is a very gentle and tame beast, and cometh oftentimes out of the water to the next shore, where, if he find any herbes or grasse, he feedeth thereof." A visit to the manatee may be an event worth recording, if only for its interest in the beholding of a very rare and quaint form of animal life.—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, R.P. (West Hampstead).—On the case as submitted by you we decide Black must move his King if so required by the first player.  
G. ADAMSON.—Thanks for enclosure and kind attention.  
G. ATKINS (Arundel).—"Cook's Synopsis." "Chess Openings: Ancient and Modern," or Mortimer's "Chessplayer's Pocket-Book" would answer your purpose.  
RUBY ROOK.—We will give publicity to your desire, but require your name and address—not, of course, for publication.  
W.G. (Aldershot).—Your solution is right, and duly acknowledged below. We cannot answer by letter.  
MARTIN P.—Your criticism of the analysis is founded on an oversight. If Black plays as you suggest, White answers by B to K 5th (ch), and mate is forced in four moves.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2318 received from J.W. Shaw (Montreal), J.R. (Natal), Hannan (Lockport), and An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2319 from W.P.B. Joseph (T. Pullen (Lancaster), and Rev. J. Gaskin (Rhodes); of No. 2320 from T. Murray, W.H. Reed (Liverpool), W.P. Welch (Moston), J.J. Wood (Aberley), B. Hall (Colchester), H.S. P. Shooter (And.), C.H. Harper (Kensington), W. Gardner, A.B. Mole, W.F.R. Z. Ingham, W.H. Haxton, Rev. J. Gaskin, Joseph T. Pullen, J. Stanley Jones, Rev. H. J. Marshall (Berford), L.K. De Vries (Friesland), Thomas Patterson, J. Anderson, and W.H. Frost.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2321 received from Mrs. Kelly (Lifton), Julia Scott (Exeter), Ruby Rook, L. Desanges, C.E. Penning, A.W. Hamilton (Gell), Evelyn, Bernard Reynolds, Thomas Chown, Howard A. Jupp (Junior), J. Card, J. Dixon (Colchester), R. Watters, C. Chubb, E.E.H. W.H. Reed (Liverpool), W.H. Haxton, C.J. Yeale, Bryan, D. McGee (Galway), Martin P.E. Casella (Paris), W. Hillier, J. Stanley Jones, Dr. F. St. Charles Woodall, Columbus, R.H. Brooks, Smeeth, C.J. R. (Clifton-on-Sea), J.T.W. Alpha, T. Roberts, Fr. Ferdinand, W.R. Bodden, Hereward, J.D. Tucker (Leeds), W.F.R. Z. Ingham, E. London, T.G. (Ware), Rev. J. Gaskin, O.J. Gibbs, Percy J. Ruby, Z. Ingham, A.H. Mole, W.J. Haslam, P.G. Rowland, Dr. W. H. (Hemel Hempstead), W. Biddle, T. Patterson, Herbert Chown, and A.P. Johnson (Saxtupham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2319.—By W. GLEAVE.

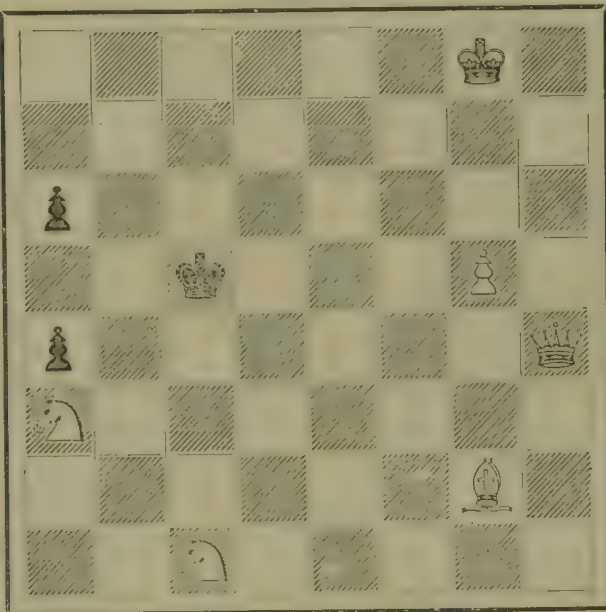
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to B 2nd K to B 5th  
2. B to K 6th (ch) K moves  
3. Q or Kt mates.

If Black play 1. K to K 5th, then 2. B to B 5th (ch), and if 1. Kt to B 6th, then 2. Q to Q 5th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2353.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.  
Game played between Messrs. HANHAM and DELMAR.  
(King's Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt takes Q P	P to R 6th
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q to B 3rd	P takes P
3. P to Q 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	19. B takes P	R to R 5th
4. Q to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	20. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 4th
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Castles	21. Q to Q sq	P to Q Kt 4th
6. Castles	P to Q 4th	22. Kt to Kt 2nd	B to B 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	23. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 3rd
8. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th	24. Kt to Q B sq	Q to K B 3rd
Already Black has the best of the opening, White's Bishops being greatly hampered.		25. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 5th
		26. K to R sq	Kt takes B
		27. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes P
		28. Q to B 2nd	Q to B 6th
		A most ingenious combination. At the first blush, it seems that White is amply compensated for the loss of the Queen; but the course of the game shows how admirably Black has valued the exchanges.	
9. P to Q B 3rd		29. Kt takes R	Q takes P (ch)
The advance of Black's P should have been stopped by P to Q 4th.		30. K to Kt sq	Kt to K 7th (ch)
10. B to B 2nd	P to K 5th	31. Q takes Kt	R takes Kt
11. P to K R 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	32. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt P
12. P to K Kt 4th	B to R 4th	33. P to R 4th	Q to Q 5th
13. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	Decisive; the Kt must be abandoned or the play follows as in the text.	
This tends to still further strengthen Black's game. White's best play appears to be Kt takes P, followed by P to K B 3rd.		34. P to R 5th	R takes K B P
14. Kt to B 4th	Kt takes P	35. K R to K sq	R to Q R 7th (ch)
15. P to Q 4th	K R to K sq	And White resigns.	
16. B takes B	P takes P		
	R P takes B		

Game played between Messrs. MAX JUDD and BLACKBURNE.  
(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. B to Q 2nd	P to Q 5th
2. K Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	There seems no good reason for this move, which almost puts the K B out of play.	
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	19. Kt to B sq	Q R to K sq
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to Q 4th
5. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	21. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to K 3rd
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd.	Black pursues his own plans without regard to the impending loss of his valuable K B P.	
B to Q 2nd first would have saved Black the doubled Pawn.		22. Q to R 5th	Q takes Q
7. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	23. R takes Q	Kt to Kt 5th
8. Castles	Castles	24. R takes B P	K R to K sq
9. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th	25. K to Kt sq	P to Kt 3rd
10. P to K 5th	B to B 4th (ch)	26. R to Kt 5th	Kt to R 3rd
11. K to R sq	Kt to Kt 5th	27. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to B 2nd
12. Q to K sq	P to B 4th	28. R to Kt 4th	Kt to R 3rd
Although this shuts out White's K R it gives him a powerful passed Pawn, always dangerous in the hands of a good player.		29. R to R 4th	K to K 2nd
13. Kt to Q sq	B to K 3rd	A palpable oversight, which loses the game right off.	
14. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to R 3rd	30. R takes Kt	B to Q Kt 5th
Kt takes Kt followed by B to Kt 3rd would have made the game about equal; Mr. Blackburne does not do himself justice in this defence.		31. R takes R P (ch)	K takes R
15. R to B 3rd	K to R sq	32. B takes B	R to Q Kt sq
16. R to R 3rd	Q to K sq	33. B to Q B 5th, and wins.	
17. Q to K 2nd	Q to B 2nd		

A match has been concluded between Mr. Loman, of the City of London Chess Club, and Mr. Loeck, of the British Chess Club, in which the former proved successful by three to one and one drawn. The victor is also playing Mr. Black a match of seven games which promises to be a very close struggle.

The spring tournament of the City Club is now in full swing. The winter contest is nearing an end, the competitors having each only three more games to play.

The death is announced of Baron Kollisch, one of the leading European chess-players. Whilst quite young he distinguished himself by the depth and originality of his play, and ultimately took the first prize in the Paris tournament of 1857. Since that date his active participation in great matches practically ceased; but he continued to be an active supporter of the game to the very last.

The Bishop of Wakefield has made a conditional offer of £500 from his special Spiritual Aid Fund towards the pastoral endowment of Heckmondwike parish church, and an anonymous donor has offered £1000 towards the same object.

COLLINS-STREET, MELBOURNE.

Our Special Artist last year in Australia, Mr. Melton Prior, made the Sketch of a street scene in the capital city of Victoria, which has remained till now for publication. Collins-street, parallel with Flinders-street and Bourke-street, intersected by Queen-street, Elizabeth-street, and Swanston-street, is one of the busiest city thoroughfares in the oldest part of Melbourne. The shops here are of the best class; "and every afternoon," says Mr. Prior, "ladies come here, ostensibly to make purchases, but really to parade up and down this very fine street, between the corners of Swanston and Elizabeth streets. Here the very prettiest of faces, figures, and dresses are to be seen, side by side with the Australian dandies and with the ordinary sightseers and business men. One of the principal articles necessary for this walk is the parasol, which is attached to a fancy stick from 4 ft. to 4 ft. 6 in. long, and is very often nearly as long as the lady carrying it is tall. Tram-cars run in Collins-street; but instead of horses to draw them there is a system of endless ropes by which the cars are drawn at a very rapid rate. The driver may be seen in my sketch manipulating handles, which are in connection with the machinery for gripping the wire ropes. The street is paved with wood. My sketch is taken at the corner of Collins and Elizabeth streets, where the tram lines cross each other. There is great bustle in the middle of the day at this point."

THE DRAWINGROOM.

The Queen held a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on May 3.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George, attended as usual, arrived at the garden entrance of the palace from Marlborough House; and the Duchess of Edinburgh, from Clarence House. The Duchess of Albany was present.

The Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family, entered the Throne room shortly after three o'clock.

In attendance on her Majesty were the Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes), Lady Waterpark (Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting), the Hon. Flora Macdonald (Woman of the Bedchamber in Waiting), and the usual officers of the household.

Her Majesty wore a dress and train of black gros grain trimmed with crape and jet, and a black tulle veil surmounted by a coronet of jet. Her Majesty wore jet ornaments, the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Louise of Prussia, St. Catherine of Russia, the Spanish, Portuguese, Hessian, and Bulgarian Orders, and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha family Order. The Princess of Wales wore a train of rich black moiré, trimmed with jet and black feathers, jupe of tulle, over faille embroidered in jet. Corsage of black faille, trimmed to correspond. Head-dress—a tiara of diamonds, feathers, and veil; ornaments—pearls and diamonds; Orders—Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, St. John of Jerusalem, the Jubilee Commemoration Medal, and the Danish family Order.

The Princess Victoria of Wales wore a dress of black fancy net, trimmed bows of ribbon. Train of rich black faille Française edged with lace. Corsage of the same silk, trimmed to correspond. Orders—Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, St. John of Jerusalem, Jubilee Commemoration Medal. Ornaments—pearls and diamonds.

The Princess Maud of Wales wore a dress of black fancy net, trimmed bows of ribbon. Train of rich black faille Française edged with lace. Corsage of the same silk trimmed to correspond. Orders—Victoria and Albert, St. John of Jerusalem, Jubilee Commemoration Medal. Ornaments—pearls and diamonds.

The Duchess of Albany wore a black corded silk dress with embroidered crape, jet ornaments, black feathers and veil. Orders—Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Jubilee Commemoration Medal, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Royal Red Cross, St. John of Jerusalem.

Presentations to the Queen were made to the number of about 170.

Mr. T. M. Waller, retiring Consul-General for the United States, was entertained at a banquet at the Hôtel Métropole on May 2. Sir John Puleston presided, and the numerous company included representatives of various classes in the metropolis and the leading American residents.

A circular has been issued with regard to the second summer meeting of University Extension and other students to be held at Oxford in August. The meeting will be divided into two parts, the first beginning on July 30, and ending on August 7; and the second part consisting of a period of three weeks' quiet study, and will end on Aug. 30. Professor Stuart, M.P., will deliver the inaugural address, and among those who have promised assistance are Professor Max Müller, Sir A. Ball, Mrs. Fawcett, and Mr. Arthur Sidgwick.

The whole of the amount required for the purchase of the Lawn and Carron House Estate, South Lambeth-road, the site of the proposed Vauxhall Park, having been secured, a special meeting of the Lambeth Vestry was held on May 2, under the presidency of the Hon. and Rev. F. G. Pelham, for the purpose of completing the purchase. As the matter now stands, the Charity Commissioners will contribute £12,500, the London County Council £11,746, and the Lambeth Vestry £11,746, the balance of the purchase-money having been raised by public subscription. Mr. Mark Beaufoy, M.P., moved a series of formal resolutions authorising the purchase of the lands at £43,500, and acknowledged the assistance the Kyrle Society had rendered in the matter. He announced that, upon the grounds being laid out, the London County Council had undertaken to maintain them. After a brief discussion, the resolutions were adopted by 76 votes to 6. The contract provides that the purchase is to be completed by May 31.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Institution of Great Britain held on May 1, Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., &c., vice-president, in the chair, the annual report of the committee of visitors for the year 1888, testifying to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the institution, was read and adopted. The real and funded property now amounts to about £81,000, entirely derived from the contributions and donations of the members. Forty-five new members were elected in 1888. Sixty-four lectures and nineteen evening discourses were delivered in 1888. The books and pamphlets presented in 1888 amounted to about 296 volumes, making, with 570 volumes (including periodicals bound) purchased by the managers, a total of 866 volumes added to the library in a year. Thanks were voted to the president, treasurer, and the honorary secretary, to the committees of managers and visitors, and to the professors for their valuable services to the institution during the past year. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected as officers for the ensuing year:—President, the Duke of Northumberland; treasurer, Mr. Henry Pollock; secretary, Sir Frederick Bramwell.





COLLINS-STREET, MELBOURNE.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



## THE PARIS SALON OF 1889.

Let us say at once that the Salon of 1889 is an excellent exhibition, and that among the 2771 oil paintings exhibited there are very many of high merit. Taking the exhibition as a whole, we note the extreme rarity of historical and religious subjects. There is not a single religious picture of any merit whatever, and the only historical picture of real worth and distinction is Francis Tattetgrain's "Louis XIV. visiting the Dunes Eight Days after the Battle." The sandy landscape strewn with cleverly indicated corpses on which swarms of crows are feeding, the sky, the horizontal sunrises that gild the contour of the dunes, are admirable. The conception of the scene is good, and the picture is a fine one in all respects. Next we note the comparative rareness of military subjects—Louis Gardette, Boutigny, and Moreau de Tours being the only painters having important works of this nature. The tendency of the modern French school is towards truth in subject and truth in colour; it is exceedingly human; it is even democratic, with a leaning toward elegy, tears and sadness. Thus we find at the Salon excellent portraits, fine landscapes, many scenes of manners and customs taken from real life, from the trades and from the miseries of modern humanity, and very few visions where fancy, poetry, and the love of beauty have guided the artist in the selection of the elements of his picture. A real scene depicted with chromatic fidelity to the grayness of ordinary costume and ordinary surrounding—such is the picture to be seen in greatest profusion at the Salon. The result is an impression of sadness and a souvenir of scenes of mourning often painted with admirable realism and invariable sincerity.

We will now notice the "star" pictures of the exhibition—the pictures about which people will talk for the next six weeks. First of all, there is a refinedly poetical work by Raphael Collin, called "Jeunesse"—a broad, smiling landscape, with trees, distant hills, and a flock of sheep pasturing under the guard of a faithful dog; in the foreground, to the left, Daphnis and Chloe toying in the shade, Daphnis reclining, and looking lovingly into Chloe's eyes, while Chloe winds her arms around his neck. This picture is chaste and beautiful in aspect: it is the work of a poet as well as of a painter. The austere Bonnat has also indulged, this year, in an "Idylle" which represents, against a background of brown rock with a patch of blue sky to the right, a dark-skinned youth and a blonde and buxom maiden, with outstretched arms and linked hands, prelude to Arcadian courtship. Bonnat's hard and rugose manner of painting appears peculiarly disagreeable in the rendering of the nude. P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret is at present first favourite for the Medal of Honour with a picture representing "Bretons at a Pardon," an engraving of which was given in our last issue. Dagnan's second picture is a Madonna clad in white druggit, clasping the Divine Child and pressing Him to her cheek with a charmingly intimate gesture of maternity. She is walking in an alley trailed over with vines, through whose leaves the sunlight filters and envelopes the figure in a curious and not altogether pleasing green effulgence. Emile Friant's "La Toussaint" may vie with Dagnan's Bretons for simple masterly painting: it represents a family group passing by. In the background, through palisades, we see the cemetery thinly coated with snow and dotted with groups of visitors carrying flowers and mortuary wreaths; to the left of the picture, under the cemetery-wall, sits a blind beggar to whom a girl at the head of a passing group is preparing to give a coin as she walks; behind her follow abreast two women in black, then a man and a woman, then a young woman alone carrying

a pot of white chrysanthemums. The picture is thus all black, white, and flesh colour, the whole handled with singular skill; the passing group of life-size figures have the unconsciousness of movement that we see in instantaneous photographs; the character of the body, dress, and physiognomy of each one is rendered with a realism that would be alarming were it not delicately artistic.

Collin, Dagnan, and Friant form a triumphant trio by themselves; they will be the heroes of the present Salon. Henner has a "Martyre" and a red-haired nudity "En Prière," which have the usual aspect of this master's work, but less than his usual approach to perfection. Carolus Duran has a good portrait of two little boys with long curly hair; and a "Triumph of Bacchus," which is a complete failure, being vulgar, stupid, commonplace, and comparable only to a very bad Makart. Bouguereau has a "Cupid carrying Psyche up to Heaven," two nude figures enlaced so as to form a graceful arabesque, and painted minutely and mucilagiously against a luminous background of sky, which, however, fails to modify the cold studio light on their bodies. This correct and thoroughly satisfactory work—from Bouguereau's point of view—belongs to a London stockbroker, Mr. Panmure Gordon. Jean Paul Laurens's "Men of the Inquisition" is certainly the masterpiece of this excellent artist. In a vast white room, with a window to the right, Torquemada, in the prime of life, sits in an arm-chair, dictating to two secretaries who are working at a table under the window. The whole picture is a harmony of great delicacy in its severe simplicity. Benjamin-Constant's "Day of the Funeral" is a souvenir of Morocco, an interior, with the corpse of the dead chief clad in rich robes, and guarded by women. It is impressive in aspect and rich in colour. Roll, who is famous for his delicate rendering of atmosphere and sunny landscape and figure effects, will have much success with his "En été," representing two ladies, a dog, and a little boy in the high grass of an orchard on a bright summer's day. Defunct Cabanel is represented by two portraits of ladies, one of which, unfinished, is one of the fine things in the Salon. Jean Béraud has painted the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, forty literary celebrities grouped in the editorial room, their faces wearing a meagre smile. Jules Breton, at present absorbed in writing his memoirs, exhibits only two portraits of ladies, his daughter and Madame Lemerre, the wife of the publisher. Gérôme's "Amour Vainqueur," a naked little pink boy in a menagerie-cage full of lions, tigers, panthers, &c., is comic and almost grotesque. Jules Lefebvre has the usual portrait of a lady and the usual fancy head so highly prized by the Americans. A. P. Dawant makes a great effort with an enormous picture of the passengers of an ocean-steamer taking to the boats, entitled "Sauvetage en Mer."

Notable new-comers are the Swede Zorn, who has a marvellous picture of figures bathing in a sunlit fiord; the Finlander Axel Gallén: the Belgian Léo Van Aken, who has a humorous picture of old women in a hospice playing cards; and David-Nillet, a brilliant pupil of Lhermitte. The lady artists figure this year very strongly on the line, and one of the most delicate things in the Salon is a smiling blonde girl with a beige gown on a grey ground, painted by an American lady, Mrs. Vesta Simmons. On the line, too, is a refined portrait of herself by Miss Marie Naylor, of London. A Dutch lady, Mdlle. Thérèse Schwartz, also has great success with a large picture of orphan girls singing psalms. Mdlle. Jeanne Rongier likewise figures on the line with a strong picture, charming in sentiment, called "Les Relevailles." Amongst English artists

whose pictures are well placed, I notice W. Carter, portrait of Miss Gray; Miriam J. Davis, whose small symphony of white flowers is the work of a true artist; Alice Havers, whose "Madonna" has the place of honour which its refinement and delicate tone deserve; James Guthrie, "A Scotch Orchard"; Middleton Jameson, with a fine realistic picture of "The Prayer on the Beach before the Departure of the Fishing-Fleet," finely painted and artistically conceived; Dudley Hardy, a large grey picture of "The Vagabonds in Trafalgar-square: November, 1887"; and F. J. Sang, "A Strong Breeze."

Other notable pictures are the interiors of Maurice Lobre, curiously delicate in tone; Alfred Agache's mystic portrait of a half-length figure of a woman with her lap full of peonies and her body richly draped in rich colours; the elegant feminine portraits of Duez and of François Flameng; the phantom-like apparitions of Eugène Carrière, a painter whose strange vision of nature is beginning to become *à la mode* in certain select coteries; the feminine portraits of Albert Aublet and André Brouillet; the spirited and clever miniature portraits of Rochefort and of Mrs. Brown-Potter by Jan Van Beers; the portraits of three sisters by Giron; the fine rustic picture of "Laveuses" by Lhermitte; the landscapes of Harpignies, Cesbron, Tanzi, Damoye, François, Nozal; the marines of Lize, Jousset, Masure, Eugène Vail, Mesdag; and the sentimental genre works of Madame Demont-Breton, Laurent Desrousseaux, Palézieux, Adan, Latouche, Meslé, Pelez, Toudouze, and Aimé Perret.

The decorative paintings of the new Sorbonne which have figured so largely at recent Salons are represented by several huge panels: "Ambroise Paré performing a Surgical Operation," by Chartran; "Albert Le Grand at the Convent of St. Jacques," by Henri Lerolle; "Rollin, Principal of the College of Beauvais," by François Flameng; and "Claude Bernard explaining his Theories of Vivisection to his pupils, Paul Bert, Dumont-pallier, Malassez, Grehan, D'Arsonval, and Dastre," the last of whom now holds his chair. This latter panel is by Léon Lhermitte, who has hitherto been the faithful historian of peasant life; it is a splendid piece of realism, a page of life, and at the same time a page of history.

In the Sculpture department, the most important works are two equestrian statues of Jeanne d'Arc—one by Paul Dubois, the other by Fremiet; a "Jeanne d'Arc at the Stake" by Péziens; Mercier's monument of Paul Baudry, Lanson's "Gloire à Paris," Damp's "Fin du Rêve," Chapu's bas-relief, "L'Espérance," and Falguière's "Music." Lord Ronald Gower exhibits the plaster of his Shakespeare from the Stratford monument.

On the whole, the Salon of 1889 is of great interest, and, in spite of the rivalry of the art-displays at the Universal Exposition, will doubtless hold its ground in the favour of the visitors to Paris during the coming six weeks. T. C.

The Queen has given directions for the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Whitehead and Paul Jansen Botter, Esq., to be members of the Executive Council of the island of Heligoland.

The list of prizes for the Wimbledon Meeting, to open on July 8, shows that the value of the prizes offered for competition—exclusive of Challenge Cups—will be between eleven and twelve thousand pounds. The total sum offered in the Queen's Prize Series is two thousand two hundred and twenty pounds, in four hundred prizes, ranging from two hundred and fifty pounds given by her Majesty, with the Gold Medal and Gold Badge of the Association, to a hundred prizes of two pounds each.

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A chief feature of the evening was a special historical procession and quadrille, which the Lady Mayoress had arranged.

At the Academy private view there are always a few people who seem to have wandered there under the mistaken impression that it is a fancy-dress ball. There was a young lady this year, for instance, who might have been dressed for "a meadow," or, perhaps, "a Liberty drawing-room duster." Her costume was entirely of grass-green Liberty silk, hat and

But there were many beautiful costumes. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava wore a dress of a widely striped material in grey—a frisé velvet stripe and a plain silk stripe—which was very handsome; her Excellency had also a short mantle of green velvet, with black lace and jet sleeves from the shoulder, and a grey tulle bonnet. The Countess of Rosebery wore a black striped chenille mantelet and a black bonnet with red trimmings. Lady Playfair's dress was new in style and handsome; it was a black faille, with outside pockets of green velvet, covered with jet chains, and revers and top to the sleeve also of green, trimmed with jet—the black silk sleeve being cut away from the shoulder so as to leave a sharp point of the silk only there, and the space filled in with jet-covered green velvet. Lady Monckton's grey frisé brocade Directoire coat and grey cashmere skirt, worn with a grey lisse bonnet, trimmed with lilies-of-the-valley; Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree's black-striped moiré Directoire coat, with revers at the throat and others at the bottom of the cut-off front of the bodice, faced with heliotrope silk, and embroidered with heliotrope beads; Miss Genevieve Ward in black velvet, trimmed lavishly with steel *motifs*; Mrs. Bernard-Beere in a unique Directoire costume of black cloth, with deep collar at the back, great pointed incorroyable revers faced with silk, and a large white muslin bow; all did credit to stage dressing.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

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An open wooden box, likely a cigarette case, is shown. The lid is propped open, revealing a long, thin, light-colored object, possibly a cigarette or a small tool, resting inside. The box has a simple, rectangular design with visible wood grain and some wear on the edges.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil of the late Mr. Thomas Sidney, of Bowes Manor, Southgate, and 94, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea, formerly an Alderman of the City of London; who died on March 10, 1889, have just been proved by Mrs. Eleanor Mary Sidney, the widow, Thomas Stafford Sidney, the eldest son, and Frederick Leigh Hutchins, the executors. By his will (dated in 1874) the testator gave the oil-painting of himself as Sheriff to his daughter, Dame Ellen Moon; to his son, Thomas Stafford Sidney, the oil-painting of testator as Lord Mayor of London, the silver testimonial presented to him by his former partners in business, and the vote of thanks on vellum, glazed, with his portrait therein, presented to him by the Court of Aldermen of the City of London; and to his son, William Stafford Sidney, the marble bust of testator and the vote of thanks presented to him by the Court of Common Council. After various pecuniary and other legacies, the residue of testator's property is by the will settled on his wife and children.

The will (dated July 16, 1880), with a codicil of the same date, of Mr. Peter William Funnell, late of Rowland Villa, Loughborough-park, Brixton, who died on March 16, was proved on April 27 by Emma Mildred Funnell, Mrs. Ellen Augusta Squires, and Florence Funnell, the daughters and executrixes, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testator gives No. 78, Loughborough-park, and £400 to his daughter Emma Mildred Funnell; No. 76, Loughborough-park to his daughter Mrs. Squires; No. 80, Loughborough-park to his daughter Elizabeth Funnell; his two houses in Coldharbour-lane to his daughter Florence Funnell; his premises in Norwood-road to his grandson, James Rowland Squires; £100 to the Lambeth Pension Society; £100 each to his sisters, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Tribe, and £100 each to Mrs. Puttick and Mrs. Dubbins. The residue of his property he leaves between his four daughters.

The will (dated July 30, 1886), with a codicil (dated June 26, 1888), of Major Robert George Manley, late of Mancetter Lodge, Atherstone, Warwick, who died on March 12, was proved on April 25, by Augustus East Manley, the brother, and Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Capel Manley, of the Coldstream Guards, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £41,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his brothers, Henry Francis Manley and Augustus East Manley; £1000 each to his nieces, Louisa Georgina Manley and Mary Dennistoun; £200 each to his soldier-friends, Major-General Tower, Lieutenant-Colonel Edmond D'Arcy Hunt, and Major-General John Swindley; £500 each to the St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park-corner), the Birmingham General Hospital, and the London Orphan Asylum (Watford); £500, and his fishing-tackle, guns, arms, medals, and trophies from the Crimea to his nephew, Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Capel Manley; gifts of jewels and pictures to relatives and legacies to servants. He devises his residence, Mancetter Lodge, and all his freehold estate at Atherstone, to his nephew, Augustus Frederick Manley. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew and godson, Robert George Clayton Manley.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1888) of Mr. Woodham Death, late of South Lodge, Thorley, Hertford, who died on March 16, was proved on April 27 by Sarah Death, the niece, Henry Thomas Eve, and Alfred Davies, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator gives his freehold house, South Lodge, and the land attached thereto, the furniture and effects therein, and £3000, to his niece Sarah Death; £2000 each to his nieces Mary Death Eve and Myra

Ann Death Hughes; £4000 between the four daughters of his deceased nephew, William Death; £4000, upon trust, for his niece Lydia Death, for life, and then to the daughters of William Death; £100 each to Henry Thomas Eve and Alfred Davies; and other legacies. He directs that his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold property is to be sold and the proceeds thereof to be given as to £1000 and one fifth thereof to Sarah Death; one fifth thereof each to Mary Death Eve and Myra Ann Death Hughes; one fifth between the four daughters of his nephew, William Death; and the remaining one fifth, upon trust, for Lydia Death. The residue of his property he leaves to his said niece, Sarah Death.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1887) of Mr. John Fletcher, late of Albert-road, Birkdale, Lancashire, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on April 29 by John Robert Fletcher, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Trustees of the Jerusalem Church, Southport, and small legacies to friends and servants; subject thereto he leaves all his property to his nephew, John Robert Fletcher, absolutely.

The will (dated June 2, 1888), with two codicils (dated June 29, and Oct. 5, 1888), of Mrs. Mary Cumberlege, late of Tilsworth Lodge, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on March 19, was proved on April 27 by the Rev. Samuel Francis Cumberlege and John Newton, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £24,000. The testatrix bequeaths £400 to the Church Pastoral Aid Society; £200 each to the East Sussex, Hastings, and St. Leonards Infirmary, and the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society; and very numerous legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of her property she leaves as to two sixths to the Rev. Samuel Francis Cumberlege; two sixths to Annie Mordaunt; one sixth between Louisa Cumberlege and Marian Fletcher, and the remaining one sixth to Mrs. Evelyn Gordon Moore.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1885), with a codicil (dated Feb. 1, 1889), of General Sir John Fowler Bradford, K.C.B., late of No. 40, Norfolk-square, who died on April 11, was proved on April 27 by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Richard Bradshaw, the son, and Mrs. Emma Chaloner Bradford, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator gives £2000 each to his sons Edward Ousley Bradford and Henry Richard Bradford; £5000, and the advowson of Wheathill, Salop, to his son the Rev. Frederick Fowler Bradford; £1500 each to his granddaughters, Mabel Emma Bradford, Eliza Emily Bradford, and Eliza Henrietta Bradford; £1000 each to his grandsons Henry Percy Bradford, Edward Chaloner Bradford, George Bradford, and Arthur Leslie Bradford; £400 to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Emma Chaloner Bradford; his furniture, silver, pictures, &c., to his son Edward Ousley Bradford, on the condition of his purchasing the lease of No. 40, Norfolk-square; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his said three sons.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1887) of Mr. Edwin Anderton, late of No. 6, Warrior-square-terrace, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Feb. 3, was proved on April 27 by Mrs. Mary Jane Anderton, the widow, and Herbert Foster Anderton, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testator gives £200 to Emma Pearce; £100 to his nephew, Herbert Foster Anderton; £300 to his wife; and £100 to his housemaid, Ann Goodby. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint; and in default of such appointment, to his said nephew, Herbert Foster Anderton.

A DANISH BREWERY.

In his last report on the trade of Denmark, the British Consul at Copenhagen, referring to Danish breweries, says that the same thoroughness of purpose which is so generally noticeable in all enterprises undertaken in Denmark, has for many years past been brought to bear on this industry, and notably by the late Captain Jacobsen, whose brewery at Old Carlsborg is the result of a lifetime devoted to the perfecting of various processes, and is at this day a model establishment, in which no expenditure is spared to maintain the excellence of the produce. In a well-fitted laboratory annexed to the establishment, under the superintendence of Dr. E. C. Hansen, experiments are made, in the results of which the trade at large is allowed to participate. Dr. Hansen is a distinguished disciple of Pasteur, and independent discoveries have been made by him on the propagation of micro-organisms.

These researches led him to the cultivation of pure yeast, which since 1885 has been exclusively used in the brewery. A few years ago, at one of the other breweries at Old Carlsborg, heavy losses had been sustained in consequence of the beer turning sour at intervals for a period of two years. Dr. Hansen ultimately traced the cause, and for the first time had an opportunity of trying on an extended scale his then recently-discovered pure yeast. The result was in every way satisfactory, and from that day his system has practically been applied at Old Carlsborg. In an interesting monograph contributed to the scientific periodical published at the brewery, Dr. Hansen describes the process. Briefly stated, his system consists in selecting a single cell of yeast, of a species which by experiment has been proved to give a certain ascertained result in fermentation, and from this cell to cultivate yeast in large quantities for the fermenting vats. The advantages of this mode of fermentation have now been fully recognised, and it is in use at all the large Dutch and many foreign breweries. The brewer using the pure yeast knows with absolute certainty that his beer will turn out of the desired taste and quality. It should be stated that the mode of fermentation in vogue is what is called "bottom" fermentation at a low temperature, on the Bavarian plan.

The Earl of Clanwilliam presided at the forty-ninth annual meeting of the Royal Naval Female School held on May 4, and the report as to the financial position of the institution and its general management was considered to be highly satisfactory.

Some remarkable rifle scores have been made by the North London Rifle Club at the Tottenham ranges; Corporal Leghorn, of the London Scottish Volunteers, making a score of 90 points out of a possible 100 in twenty shots with the Martini rifle at 800 and 900 yards—48 at the first distance and 42 at the second. Shooting at 200, 500, and 600 yards, Captain Cowan, of the Royal Engineers, made 100 out of a possible 105.

The annual dinner of the Press Club was held on May 4 in the Freemasons' Tavern, the president (Mr. G. Babington) occupying the chair. Generals Graham and Brackenbury acknowledged the toast of the Army, and Colonel Hadden, answering for the Volunteers, said that the Lord Mayor's fund for the equipment of that force at present amounted to more than £12,000, and before it was formally placed before the public it was expected to reach £20,000. Mr. Courtney responded for "The Houses of Parliament," and Mr. Lockwood proposed the toast of "The Press Club," which was acknowledged by the president.

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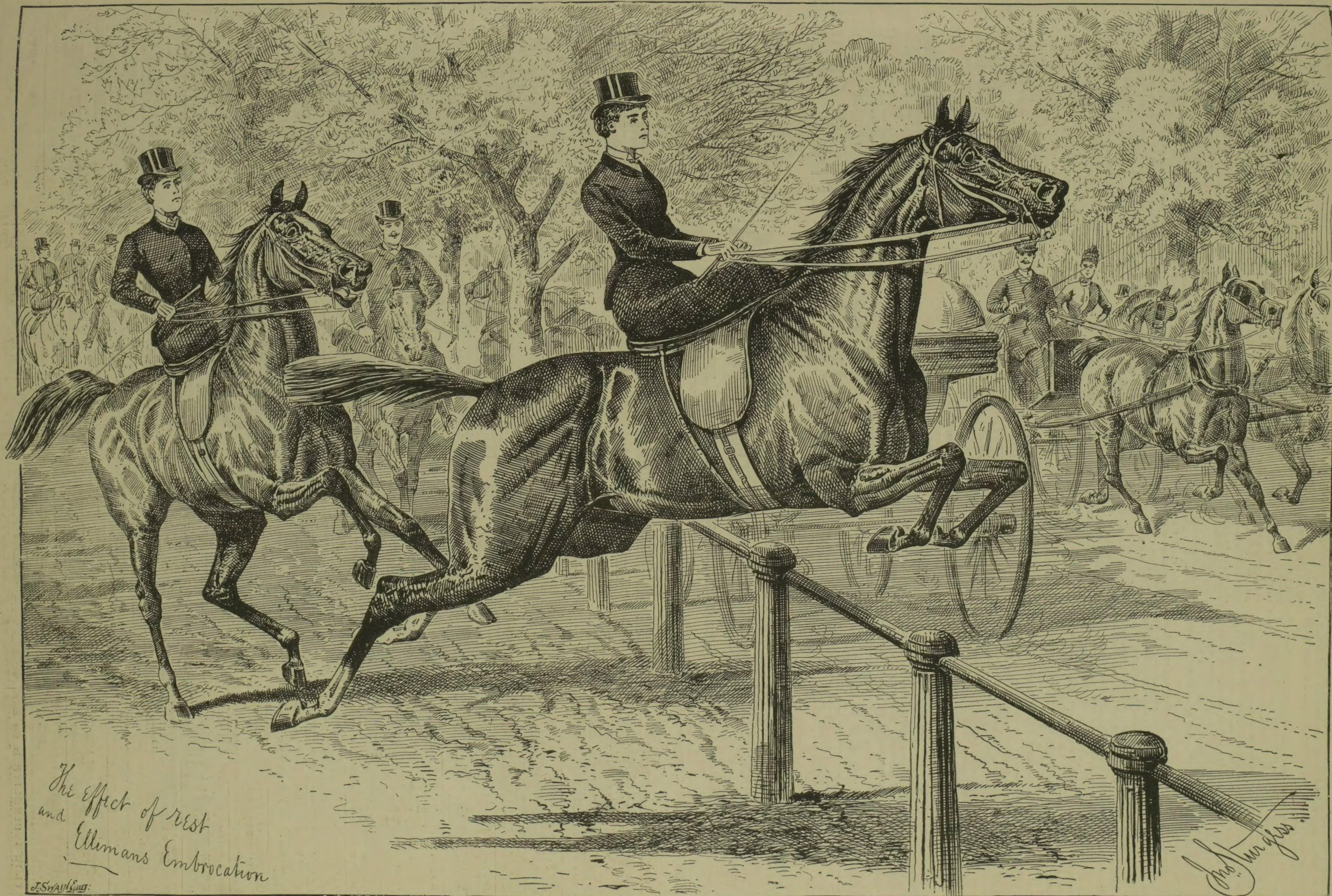
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THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury is a master of epigram—to vary the late Lord Beaconsfield's dictum. Seldom or never has our Parliamentary mode of conducting business been so pungently summed up as it was in the Prime Minister's speech at the Royal Academy banquet:—

We have a modern constitution of the most improved character—(Laughter)—of which the principal characteristic is that we divide our available talents into two bodies, who change their parts from time to time, and of whom it may be said that it is the business of one half to prevent the other half from doing anything (Laughter and cheers).

The noble Lord's quotation of Lord Palmerston's witty application of the *ars est celare artem* motto was also a happy hit, and was rewarded with a fresh ripple of mirth. And cheers naturally greeted Lord Salisbury's crowning announcement that an anonymous philanthropist had offered to build a new National Portrait Gallery "within a reasonable distance of Charing-cross."

The day the Paris International Exhibition was opened, on the Sixth of May, Lord Lytton was to be seen lounging on the Ministerial bench of the House of Lords. Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris (whose absence from the inaugural proceedings on the Champ de Paix is condemned in Liberal circles) was welcomed by several noble Lords. Whether it was the intense heat of the House on that exceedingly warm afternoon, or whether it was the monotonous tone and prolixity of the Duke of Westminster as he dwelt on the evils attending the introduction of foreign spirits among the native races of Africa, Lord Lytton soon found occasion to quit the sultry chamber. Meanwhile, Lord Salisbury mopped his forehead; the Earl of Kimberley opposite dozed in a Hartingtonian attitude; and only Lord Cross and the Earl of Carnarvon looked cool in the first white hats of the season.

Notwithstanding the somnolence engendered by the great heat of the weather, much interest was taken in his Grace's appeal to the Government to do all they could to suppress the evils of the drink traffic in Africa. Lord Carnarvon, Lord Aberdare, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Earl of Meath joined in the discussion. As Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Knutsford promised to do all in his power to meet the views expressed. One peculiar incident of the sitting was the fitting of the Earl of Rosebery to the Ministerial bench to hold a colloquy with Lord Knutsford. The noble Earl appeared to be so much at home in his new seat and in his confidential converse with the Colonial Secretary, that he might well have seemed to strangers an intimate

colleague of Lord Knutsford. Possibly, it was the significant smile on the face of the Premier as he glanced at the whispering couple that induced Lord Rosebery to return at length to the front Opposition bench.

The languor of the past week in the Lower House vanished on Monday, the Sixth of May. Every part of the House, with the exception of the small gallery devoted to Peers, was crowded; and the gathering of Ministerialists was exceptionally strong, a lively "whip" having brought together quite a Conservative phalanx to support Mr. Balfour against Mr. Atherley Jones, the advocate of Mr. Conybeare. The debate was as heated as the atmosphere. Mr. Balfour was vigorously cheered as he defended with marked energy the action of the Police, and lectured Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Harrison on the score that they confined their charity to the lawless. The spirited Secretary for Ireland called down upon his devoted head Sir William Harcourt's vials of wrath, and Mr. Gladstone's caustic rebuke. But, in the end, the motion for adjournment was negatived by a majority of 97.

The important Naval Defence Bill of the Government has reached haven at last. When the Donegal quarrel had subsided, Mr. Labouchere rose from his 'vantage seat on the front Opposition bench, and delivered a final philippic in his lively style against the measure; the hon. member being seconded by another Liberal humourist, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett replied with characteristic readiness on behalf of the Ministry. On the Seventh of May, important speeches on the Navy were made by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Admiral Mayne, Lord Charles Beresford, and Lord George Hamilton; and the second reading of the Bill was carried by the large majority of 141—277 against 136 votes. The House is determined there shall no longer exist any doubt as to the adequacy of our first line of defence.

The Union Steam-Ship Company's Royal mail-steamer Tartar, which arrived at Southampton at ten a.m. on Sunday, May 5, made a very rapid passage from Capetown. She left that port at 5.17 p.m. on April 17; and the distance run—5982 miles, via Madeira—was accomplished in 17 days 16 hours 43 minutes gross time; the net steaming time being 17 days 10 hours 28 minutes, giving an average speed over the whole distance of 14.3 knots per hour.

At a meeting of the Victoria Institute, held on May 6, Professor T. McK. Hughes read a paper on the evidences of man's existence in remote ages, giving the results of his own

discoveries in caves, &c., and especially in the Kimmeridge clay. The paper was illustrated by drawings and specimens, and Professor Hughes pointed out the various natural agencies which tended to make marks similar to those made by man. A discussion ensued, after which a second paper was read by the Rev. C. G. Ashwin.

At the weekly meeting of the London County Council on May 7 the duties of the Deputy Chairman, Mr. Firth, M.P., were defined, and his salary fixed at £2000 a year.

The electors to the Wykeham Professorship of Logic at Oxford University have notified to the Vice-Chancellor that they have elected Mr. John Cook Wilson, M.A., Fellow, Tutor, Junior Treasurer, Sub-Dean, and Librarian of Oriel College, to the vacant Professorship of Logic.

The Duchess of Edinburgh presided on May 4 over the annual meeting of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association, to the value of whose work Admiral Sir G. Elliot, Lord Harris, and Lord Napier of Magdala testified.

In the absence of the Duchess of Teck, on account of the recent death of the Duchess of Cambridge, the bazaar held on May 7 in the Boys' School, Sloane-square, in aid of the Upper Chelsea Church and schools now in course of erection, was opened by the Duchess of Edinburgh.

The Duke of Cambridge presided on May 6 over the Jubilee Festival Dinner of King's College Hospital, which was held in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. A large and distinguished company were present, and subscriptions were announced amounting to close upon £4000.

The annual sittings of the United Presbyterian Synod were begun in the Synod-hall, Edinburgh, on May 6. The Rev. Dr. Shoolbred, the retiring Moderator, preached the opening sermon, after which the Synod was constituted. The Rev. Dr. Duff proposed that the Rev. Dr. Drummond, Glasgow, should be elected Moderator for the ensuing year. The motion was unanimously agreed to, and Dr. Drummond was introduced to the Synod. He delivered a brief address, in which he thanked the members for the honour conferred upon him.

DEATH.

At Paris, on March 25 last, at her residence, 59, Rue Rennequin, of congestion of the lungs, Mrs. Elizabeth Ramsay-Lamont, widow of John Oatt Lamont, London, and daughter of the late Robert Ramsay, Edinburgh, aged 65.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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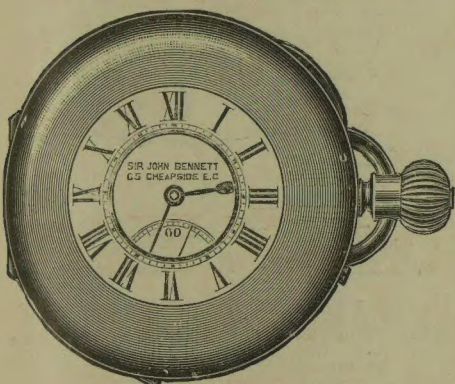
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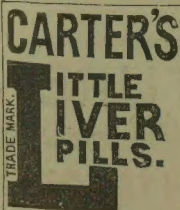
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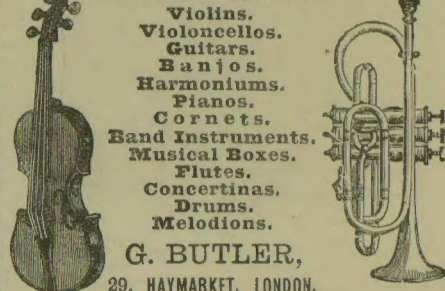
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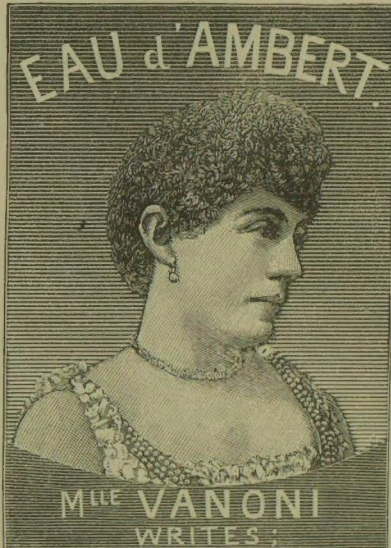
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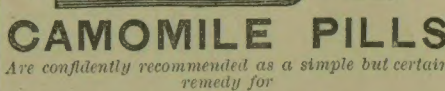
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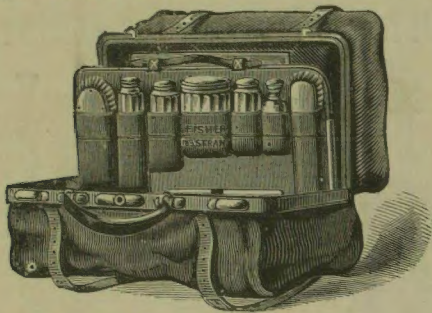


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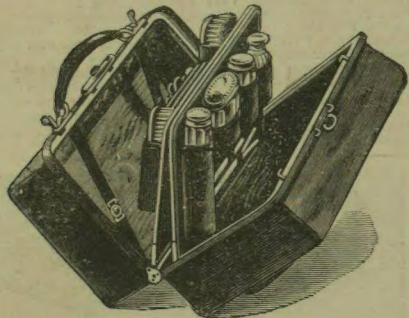
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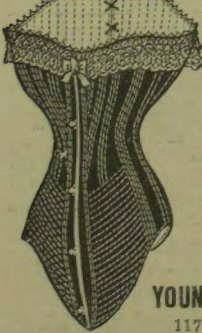
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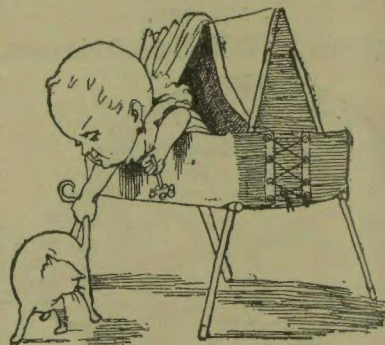
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